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CHAIN UP THE DOGS OF WAR!

BUT THEN HOW IS THE JINGO CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE TO GO ON?

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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THE TREATY AND THE AMENDMENTS.

THERE is no doubt that the arbitration treaty is in danger. The Senate Committee on Foreign Relations has, to be sure, reported it favorably, but with amendments that are vastly more important than some optimists have assumed them to be. The two amendments that were reported in the daily press on the day after the vote was taken in the committee are not by any means the most important. The first of those two amendments provides that "no question which affects the foreign or domestic policy of either of the high contracting parties, or the relations of either with any other state or power, by treaty or otherwise, shall be subject to arbitration under this treaty, except by a special agreement." The second of the two amendments strikes out all allusion to King Oscar of Sweden and Norway, who is named in Article X. as the nominator of the umpire for the determination of money and other claims mentioned in Articles III. and V. of the treaty in case the first nominating body fail to agree upon an umpire. This nominating body is to consist of the "members for the time being of the Supreme Court of the United States, and the members for the time being of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in Great Britain, each nominating body acting by a majority." The probability that the King of Sweden and Norway would be called upon to act is so remote, his own democratic leanings are so well known, the interests of his people in the United States are so great, while he has already acted so satisfactorily on other international occasions, that this amendment is incomprehensible on any other theory than that the controlling motive of its originator is hostility to the treaty itself. The contention is made that an existing treaty between Sweden and Norway and Great Britain may at any time place the former kingdom under obligations to the latter, because under that treaty Great Britain will be obliged to defend the territorial integrity of Sweden and Norway against Russia. If there were any such treaty obligation the point raised by those who object to the selection of King Oscar is completely met by the provision in Article X. of the pending arbitration treaty to the effect that a substitute must be named for King Oscar whenever either of the high contracting parties "gives notice to the other .... that material changes have occurred in the conditions that existed at the date of the treaty." But it is more than doubtful if the treaty alluded to is a continuing obligation on Great Britain. The treaty was made in December, 1855, and was an agreement not only between the two powers already mentioned, but between Great Britain and France on the one hand and Sweden and Norway on the other. The object of the treaty was the maintenance of the "equilibrium of Europe." While Sweden and Norway's main obligation was not stated in the treaty, it is known that it was to be the loan of her fleet in case of necessity to the allies against Russia in the Crimean war then in progress. Within a short time after the conclusion of the treaty the war was ended, and Sweden and Norway was never called upon to fulfil her promise under the agreement. Consequently no diplomat or minister, either of Great Britain or France, would admit that under the treaty of 1855 there is now any obligation on his government to afford assistance to Sweden and Norway against Russia. If such assistance were rendered by Great Britain, the action of that government, as Mr. Gladstone is understood to have declared, would be determined by its interests at the moment. This historical incident is worth narrating because it shows the trivial character of the amendment excluding King Oscar as the remote nominator of an umpire.

The first amendment is more important. It seems simply to exclude the Monroe doctrine, and any treaty that the United States may make with another power, from the operation of the arbitration. If that is the only object which Mr. Lodge, its author, seeks to obtain by the amendment, he will accept an amendment which will doubtless be offered in the Senate changing the phraseology of his proposition so that it will mean that and nothing else. As his amendment now reads, any question remotely affecting a national policy or a treaty with a third power is to be excluded from arbitrament. There is of course no doubt in the minds of lawyers of the fact that Mr. Lodge's amendment is entirely unnecessary if he has only his professed purpose in mind. It will be interesting to discover if he has any other.

The most important amendment that was adopted by the committee was not published in the first reports of its action. Senator Davis, who is one of the most violent of Jingoes, succeeded in securing the adoption of an amendment striking out the whole of Article VII., which provides that if before the close of the hearing of any claim but one involving the determination of territorial claims "either of the high contracting parties shall move such tribunal to decide, and thereupon it shall decide that the determination of such claim necessarily involves the decision of a disputed question of principle of grave general importance affecting the national rights of such party as distinguished from the private rights whereof it is merely the international representative, the jurisdiction of such arbitral tribunal over such claim shall cease, and the same shall be dealt with by arbitration under Article VI." This article provides for the hearing of territorial claims, and for a judgment requires a vote of five out of six arbitrators. The substitute adopted on Mr. Davis's motion provides that when matter of grave general importance is thus declared, the case shall be entirely withdrawn from arbitration.

This is a most extraordinary amendment. The section that is struck out embodies Mr. Olney's triumph over Lord Salisbury's contention. In the correspondence between the two that was published last July Lord Salisbury insisted that questions affecting "national honor" should not be submitted to arbitration, while Mr. Olney insisted that all questions should be submitted. Mr. Olney's arguments prevailed, and Lord Salisbury was forced to yield his position that none but money claims should be included in the treaty. But now comes Mr. Davis and insists on winning Lord Salisbury's victory for him, and in so limiting the jurisdiction of the arbitration tribunal that it will be of the petty character demanded by the English Premier and rejected by the American Secretary of State. It remains to be seen whether the Senate will aid Mr. Davis to play Lord Salisbury's game.

These amendments and the spirit manifested by the Foreign Relations Committee indicate the character of the opposition to the treaty in the Senate. Some of its friends, like Mr. Lodge and Mr. Davis, are not its true friends. They are willing to kill the treaty with amendments. Most of the silver Senators are hostile on account of jealousy of Great Britain and enmity towards the administration. There are Jingoes who want no treaty for peace, and there are dangerous foes, like Senator Bacon of Georgia, who say that they are for the general principle of arbitration, but against this special application of it, and, indeed, against any permanent tribunal whatever. Even with these harmful amendments the treaty will fail if all who wish it ill dare vote against it. But the amendments should be defeated, for if they are put into the treaty by a vote of the Senate there will come the risk involved in another negotiation. Lord Salisbury may not assent to the new provisions, and then we shall have a state of things which will bring shame and disgrace to the country; for then Great Britain will have stood ready to agree to a general arbitration treaty, while the United States will have turned its back upon the proposition, and, through the Senate, will have declared its hostility to this great step forward in civilization. Is Great Britain to remain the only power in declared hostility to the old barbarism of war, or is this country to join it? This is the question which the Senate is to answer, and no Senator can escape responsibility for a negative answer by indirectly compassing the death of the treaty through amendments. The man who amends may be as guilty as the man who votes no.

MORE SILVER AGITATION.

On January 29 the Senate passed a bill making it the duty of the President to call an international monetary conference for the purpose of agreeing upon a common ratio for silver and gold, and for the free coinage of silver. The bill will probably not be permitted to pass the House of Representatives. Mr. Reed, who lost his courage in the presence of a possible nomination for the Presidency, has regained a good deal of his old force, and is not unwilling to betray a wholesome opposition to proposed humbug legislation of the character of this bill. It is not at all probable that he will permit the bill to be considered within his somewhat autocratic jurisdiction.

Nevertheless, connected as the passage of the bill by the Senate is with other signs and portents, the incident is most unfortunate, and supports the declaration recently made by a prominent Republican Congressman to the effect that if the present trend of circumstances be not diverted, the Republican party will be swept out of power in the House of Representatives at the next general election.

No one who is at all informed as to the state of mind of foreign people, and especially of European public men, believes that an international monetary conference will be held. The powers that must be reckoned with—Great Britain and Germany—may send delegates to the conference, but if they do, the delegates will be instructed to refuse to enter into any agreement for the establishment of bimetallism. The main purpose of the resolution is to deceive the silver men into believing that the Republicans are, after all, ready to do "something for silver." But the silver men demonstrated pretty clearly in the course of the debate on the bill that they are no longer to be deceived, and that they have no hope whatever that international bimetallism can be brought about.

What the silver men still want is free and independent coinage of silver by this country at the ratio of 16 to 1, and some Republican politicians are encouraging them in their hope. They have encouraged them by the passage of this bill, because the bill is an acknowledgment that those who voted for it believe in silver money. Mr. Hoar's speech, in which he asserted that the movement for bimetallism is gaining ground, although every well-informed person knows that the assertion is unfounded, is another bit of encouragement to the silver men to continue their fight. The confession of the Republican party that neither this Congress nor the next will be able to solve the monetary problem, except by the passage of an international conference bill, is a confession that, in its opinion, no reform is needed unless it be through the larger use of silver as money. Besides this, it is well known in Washington that the Republicans—Mr. McKinley excepted—have not only apparently forgotten that there was a money issue in the last campaign, but that they have turned their backs on their recent allies—the gold Democrats. They are trying to secure the votes of silver Senators for their tariff bill, and they are showing by every means in their power that they prefer the company and the votes of the Bryanites to the society and support of the sound-money Democrats. Under these circumstances it is not strange that the assertion which we have mentioned should have been made by a Republican who really believes in the soundness of the issue on which Mr. McKinley was chosen President.

The effect of all this will be to retard still further the business revival which the country was taught to look for as a result of the election of Mr. McKinley. The vote in the Senate will lead the bankers and investors, upon whose returning confidence the hopes of business revival rest, to doubt again the future of our currency system, for Senator Hoar and all others who join with him in his game of getting silver votes for Republican measures will be taught by bitter experience that silver agitation and business prosperity cannot live together.

AN ADMIRABLE ENTERPRISE.

The New York Zoological Society proposes to give to this city a garden which shall be not only worthy of the metropolis, but that may grow into one of the foremost gardens of fauna in the world. There is nothing in this country that compares favorably with the great collections of animals at Antwerp, Frankfort, Berlin, London, or even with the collection of Paris. And to the American who has travelled much in Europe there are few days of pleasanter memories than those which he has passed in the zoological gardens where well-chosen collections of animals are not only sumptuously housed, but made comfortable by the devices of men who have studied animal life, and who know what is needed for the maintenance of animal health, and of the peace of mind without which health is impossible.

The society proposes that New York's zoological garden shall be placed in a delightful spot in Bronx Park, where it will occupy a splendid site, and a larger area than that of any similar park in the world. The collection is to be under the control of experts, and all plans will be submitted to the criticism of the best authorities in zoological development. Some of the best-known citizens of New York are interested in the work and are members of the Board of Managers. Among them are Ex-Governor Morton; Mr. Charles A. Dana,

whose interest in natural history is well known; Mr. WILLIAM A. STILES, the editor of *Garden and Forest;* Mr. OSWALD OTTENDORFER; Mr. PHILIP SCHUYLER; and Mr. F. AUGUSTUS SCHERMERHORN.

The work needs money, and the society needs at least two thousand members. It is to be hoped that all persons in the Greater New York who are interested in animal life will contribute towards the gathering of the fund, without which the worthy enterprise cannot fully succeed.

THE COST OF CLEAN STREETS.

WHEN, in 1895, Colonel WARING became Commissioner of Street cleaning for New York, he not only took charge of the department, but, as is well known, he began to clean the streets. This violent innovation frightened the politicians, who had regarded the appropriation for street-cleaning as largely what type-setters call "fat." They could not deny that the streets were clean; that was plain, by contrast, to more senses than one. But they shook their mournful heads in their bar-rooms, newspapers, and other haunts, and murmured their apprehensions that we should find this rash street-cleaner who cleaned streets a terribly expensive man.

So, doubtless, we should have found him if, in addition to cleaning the streets, the department had been still obliged to "contribute to the support of the organization." It is, of course, more costly to clean the streets than not to clean them, but not so much more costly to spend the appropriation in cleaning them than to divert it to politics. The department has lately given out some interesting statistics bearing upon this point, and extending from 1892 to and including 1896. The comparison covers what may be called the running expenses of the department, excluding extraordinary expenditures, such as those for new plant and stock, and for the removal of snow and ice. The former could not fairly be included at the beginning of a radically new administration, being an expense that could be fairly computed only by an average of many years under permanent conditions. The latter should evidently be excluded, both because in the old days no pretence was made of removing snow except in a few show-streets, and also because the snowfall is so irregular, amounting in some seasons to a considerable multiple of its quantity in milder winters.

The items chosen for the comparison comprise the whole of the routine work of street-cleaning, and include administration, sweeping, carting, final disposition, rents, and contingencies. In these items the increase of 1893 over 1892 was over seven per cent.; that of 1894 over 1893 was over sixteen per cent.; that of 1895 over 1894 under eight per cent., although the department was completely reorganized, with the additional advantage that the streets were cleaned for the first time in the memory of man. The increase for 1896 over 1895 will be a little over three per cent.

In a growing city the cost of street-cleaning will normally show some increase in proportion to the increased population and the opening of new streets. Exact information upon both these points would be necessary in order to compute the normal increase. Very probably the three per cent. of increase which the expenses of 1896 show over those of 1895 would be a fair allowance on this score. But the gratifying fact remains that, although the street-cleaning cost $2,787,000 in 1896 against $2,366,000 in 1894, this is a showing that it cost only about fifteen per cent. more to keep the streets clean than it used to cost to leave them dirty. Moreover, the statistics show that the increased cost of cleaning the streets since they began to be cleaned has been only about as much as the increased cost of leaving them dirty in the last year in which they were so left. The politicians who sigh for the good old days when the appropriation was not fooled away on cleaning the streets will not be able to secure much sympathy in their laments over the terrible expensiveness of the street-cleaner.

THE MOTHERS' CONGRESS.

NEXT week, on February 17, 18, and 19, the first National Congress of Mothers will be held in the Arlington Hotel in Washington. It is averred by statisticians, who publish gloomy figures on the subject, that there are by no means so many mothers as there should be in the United States, and that of those that there are comparatively few are raising families of adequate size. Undoubtedly American mothers should have all the encouragement it is possible to give them. There is no class in the community that is of more importance—none, indeed, that is so indispensable to the national welfare as that to which they belong. If this congress can abet and encourage the mothers of the country in any appreciable degree, can make them more sure that it is a good work to raise children, can make them more competent to raise healthy children and to train them to be good and useful, it will beat even the Peace Congress in the importance of its results.

Comparatively scarce as mothers are said to be in this country, the number of them all told must be very considerable, and not more than one out of every twenty thousand or thereabouts is likely to get to Washington for these meetings. The managers of the congress, however, hope that it will be fairly representative of the mothers of the whole country, and that the women wise in the problems of training and education whom they expect to assemble will be able by exchange of counsels to help mothers everywhere, and perhaps to bring about an organization of the mothers in the republic which shall result in the centralization of their power toward the accomplishment of great and necessary reforms.

We all wish success to the Mothers' Congress. It is an experiment, and in some respects rather a bold one; and yet it is not absolutely without precedent, since the Mothers' Meetings at Chautauqua which suggested it were successful, and interested both those who attended them and those who read of their proceedings.

QUALIFICATIONS FOR HIGH OFFICE.

THE manner in which the selection of Mr. GAGE for the Treasury Department has been received by different classes of people deserves attentive study. The business community throughout the land, as well as sincere friends of good government generally, applauded it with a satisfaction bordering on enthusiasm. It was universally recognized that Mr. GAGE is a man of high character and eminent ability, peculiarly fitted by training and experience for the discharge of the duties of the Secretary of the Treasury, and that being an advocate of the merit system in the public service, he would manage the department solely with a view to the public interest. But a sullen growl arose from the ranks of the party politicians. To be sure, nobody questioned Mr. GAGE'S exceptional fitness for the place. But was he an active party man, or even a perfectly sound one? Had he not confessedly "bolted" the Republican nomination for the Presidency in 1884? Although he had usually voted the Republican ticket, had he not always been inclined to act independently in politics? Would he serve the interests of the party with sufficient zeal—that is, was he in sympathy with the "party workers," and would he "take care" of them with the patronage of the Treasury? Was it not almost certain that he would not do so? In short, the practical party politicians were very much displeased, and their feelings occasionally found vent in explosive utterances of astonishment "that MCKINLEY would do such a thing as that." Indeed, there is hardly any doubt that, had Mr. MCKINLEY submitted the selection of Mr. GAGE for their assent to the "working" politicians of his party, members of Congress included, it would have been rejected by a large majority. The smouldering discontent might even have blazed out in open revolt, had not the approval of the country at large been so overwhelming.

In the same line was an occurrence recently reported by a St. Louis newspaper. A delegation of Republican politicians from Missouri appeared before Mr. MCKINLEY to ask that their State be "recognized" in the make-up of the new administration. Mr. MCKINLEY, in an inquiring way, mentioned the name of Mr. HENRY HITCHCOCK, an eminent lawyer of St. Louis, well known as such all over the country, and a citizen of enlightened and constantly active public spirit. The delegation of Missourians were painfully shocked to hear from Mr. MCKINLEY'S lips the name of Mr. HITCHCOCK as that of a man by whose appointment to a cabinet place their State could possibly be "recognized." No—that was not the sort of thing they had come for. To be sure, they had nothing to say against Mr. HITCHCOCK'S eminent fitness for the duties of high office. He was, indeed, a very able and distinguished man, and all that. But he was, as they had it, a "dude"; altogether too high-toned. He was seldom politically active, so as to be seen as a delegate in conventions. His appointment would therefore not be a "recognition" of the Republicans of Missouri at all. And when the delegation left Canton, its members, so the report runs, congratulated themselves upon having "relieved Mr. MCKINLEY'S mind of any idea of selecting Mr. HITCHCOCK."

These are casual illustrations of the dislike very generally entertained by the so-called working party politicians for men eminent by character and ability and of signal fitness for the discharge of the real duties of high office. This dislike springs from the apprehension that such men, with their conceptions of public duty, will be likely to act for the public interest upon motives with which the interests of the party have but little if anything at all to do—in other words, that being earnestly intent upon taking care of the public good, they will not make it their first business to "take care of the organization." And to take care of the organization means mainly to distribute offices among its members. Feeling that they cannot, in this respect, count upon such men when in power, the ordinary party politician is averse to putting such men into power. It may therefore be said that the greater a part the patronage, the distribution of offices as party spoils, plays in the management of a political party, the stronger will be the tendency in it to exclude from places of power men eminent by character and ability, who are likely to take a high view of their public duty, and accordingly to treat the patronage business with neglect or even disdain.

By way of object-lesson, let the citizens of New York ask themselves this question: As our political parties are now organized, would GEORGE WASHINGTON have any chance of preferment in either of them? Not the slightest. The Republican machine as well as Tammany Hall would set him down as an intolerable "dude," a pharisee. A man of such squeamishness in selecting persons for public places, and of such opinions as expressed in the Farewell Address about the "baneful effects of the spirit of party," and about "the interest and duty of a wise people to discourage and restrain it," would be scorned as a mugwump, and an utterly unfit person for the confidence of a regular party organization—ay, as an enemy of democratic government. In the Republican caucus of the New York Legislature GEORGE WASHINGTON would, in the contest for the Senatorship, have been laughed at as a competitor of THOMAS C. PLATT; as he would, while the Legislature was controlled by the Democratic machine, have been an absolutely hopeless candidate as against DAVID B. HILL or EDWARD MURPHY. And in the city of New York it would require a successful revolt against both regular organizations to make GEORGE WASHINGTON Mayor.

This applies not to New York alone, but to Pennsylvania likewise, and to many other States in a greater or less degree. In fact, party organization in its recent development tends in the same direction almost all over the country. It is true, men of the first order of character and ability still get into high places now and then. But this is in most cases owing to one of four circumstances: either some man in authority is large-minded and courageous enough to appoint them to important positions, notwithstanding the displeasure of the party machine; or there is a public sentiment strong enough to force their nomination and election over the head of the regular organizations; or the party organizations nominate them under circumstances making their defeat eminently probable, and they are elected in spite of this, owing to fortunate changes in the situation; or regular organizations put them forward, undervaluing their character by mistake. But generally it will hardly be denied that party organization, as it has gradually developed itself under the influence of the patronage system, tends more to suppress than to promote the employment in the public service of the best talent and character of the country. And this accounts to a great extent for the deterioration of our political life which is so much complained of.

To remedy this alarming evil the abolition of the demoralizing practice of using public offices as patronage or party spoil may not be the only thing required, but it is certainly the most indispensable. Without it nothing else will avail. Only when government departments, national, State, or municipal, cease to be patronage offices, will they be permitted to become thorough business offices. Only when public men in places of power, legislative or executive, cease to have offices to bestow by way of favor, will the efforts cease to fill those places of power with patronage-mongers instead of statesmen. Only when the distribution of spoils ceases to be a ruling influence in party management will political parties again feel it to be their first interest to seek out their ablest and most high-minded men for public position. Only when men of high self-respect can offer themselves for office without fear of having to sacrifice that self-respect will they be in large numbers at the service of the public. The abolition of the spoils system will, indeed, not bring on the millennium. But it will certainly clear the way for that general raising of standards in our political life of which the republic stands much in need.

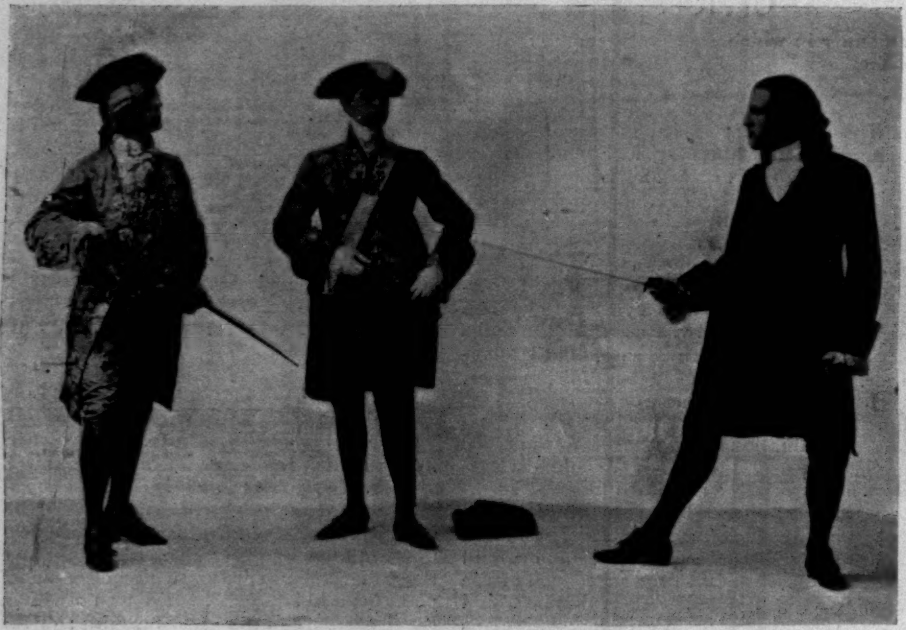
CARL SCHURZ.

The Prince of Wales (James K. Hackett) and Daphne (Miss Mannering).

ACT III.—THE PRINCE'S PROPOSAL.

Lord Carisbrook (Frank Mills), Sir Christopher Carteret (Charles Walcot), and George Carteret, his son (Edward Morgan).

ACT II.—"YOU LIE!"



Lord Carisbrook, the Prince, and George Carteret.

ACT II.—CARTERET'S DENUNCIATION OF THE PRINCE.

Daphne and George Carteret.

ACT I.—THE LOVERS.

Mrs. Oldfield (Mrs. Whiffen), Oldfield (Felix Morris), and Daphne.

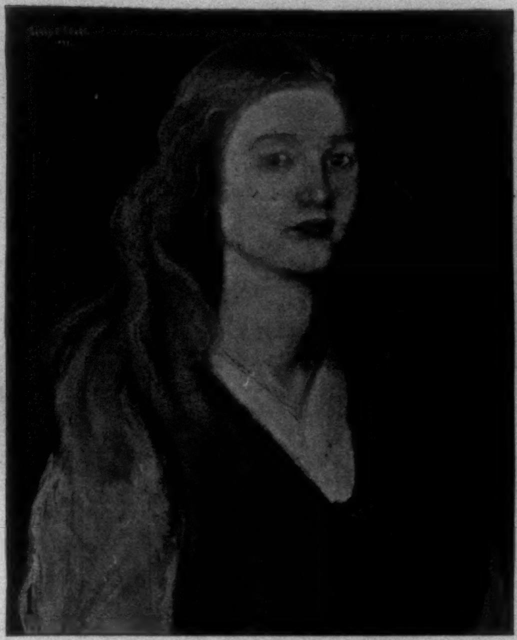
ACT I.—A FAMILY DISAGREEMENT.

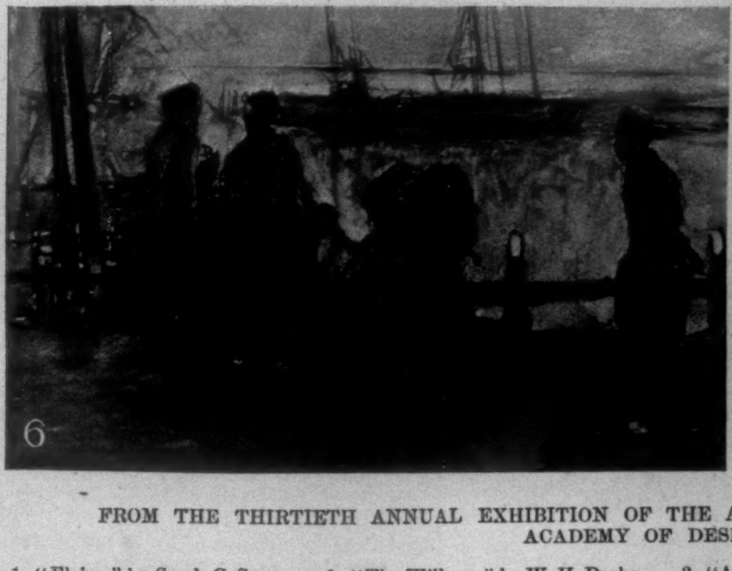
Daphne (Miss Mannering) and Lady Sark (Marie Shotwell).

ACT II.—AT LADY SARK'S.

SCENES FROM FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT AND GEORGE FLEMING'S NEW PLAY "THE FIRST GENTLEMAN OF EUROPE,"

AS PERFORMED AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE, NEW YORK.—[SEE "THIS BUSY WORLD," PAGE 151.]





FROM THE THIRTIETH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE AMERICAN WATER-COLOR SOCIETY AT THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—[See Page 162.]

1. "Elaine," by Sarah C. Sears. 2. "The Willows," by W. H. Drake. 3. "A Dutch Kitchen," by George Wharton Edwards. 4. "Outskirts of a Village," by Louis W. Ulrich. 5. "Advance-Guard," by H. F. Farny. 6. "Dutch Fishermen," by Charles H. Woodbury. 7. "Unwilling," by Irving R. Wiles.

FOREIGN NOTES.

FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW.

London, *January* 20, 1897.

As I pen these lines a British commission is steaming towards the West Indies, sent by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, Minister for the Colonies. The object of these highly educated gentlemen is to discover a remedy for the discontent prevailing amongst the sugar islands. They will invite planters and traders to give evidence; they will hear so much contradictory matter that their heads will swim in confusion; they will go home and publish a big Blue Book, which no one will read, excepting newspaper men and others who are paid for so doing. They will, no doubt, make one or two suggestions by way of starting fresh legislation, but I doubt if they can do anything to satisfy those most keenly concerned.

Pretty much every planter I met in the West Indies was on the verge of bankruptcy, owing to the low price of sugar, and to expensive personal habits contracted in times of plenty or inherited from easy-going ancestors. A royal commission cannot make men thrifty, nor can it raise the price of sugar in the present temper of the English Parliament. England to-day is the confectioner of the world, for she exports enormous quantities of biscuit, crackers, cakes, jams, and marmalades. The wheat she gets from America, the fruit largely from the Mediterranean, and the sugar, strange to say, to a large extent, from the continent of Europe. Hardly anything about this great trade is British excepting the capital and the labor. So long as the protectionist governments of Europe, notably Germany, are so foolish as to tax their own people in order that they may pay a bounty to beetroot sugar exported to England, so long will that foggy little island astonish the world with its Dundee marmalade.

Now what the West Indies desire is that Englishmen should consume West-Indian sugar, even if it costs more than German sugar; and for this purpose they wish England to tax every sugar that is not produced in the West Indies. The question then arises as to which interest is the stronger—the jam and cracker manufacture or the production of sugar. It looks to me as though the confectioners would carry the day, though my sympathies are with the West-Indians. The need which is greatest to-day in the Caribbee Islands is strong and just government. England has sadly neglected this part of the world since the close of the Napoleonic wars, and has shown her interest mainly because amongst these islands are a great many salaried posts to which Englishmen are sent without much reference to the wishes of the colonists whom they are called upon to govern. From the little I have seen of the world I venture to assert that no country approaches England in the high average of her government officials, who are for the most part fair-minded gentlemen, brave, courteous, and given to manly sport. But a well-meaning man can do much harm when sent to fill a position for which he has no particular qualification, and unfortunately in the West Indies the most delicate problems have to be solved—notably the government of communities where the colored races preponderate enormously over the whites.

England is full of half-baked humanitarians, who feed upon one-sided missionary reports and are eternally pestering Parliament to make laws about the relations of black and white men. The result is that the negroes are made to think that they are not merely equal but slightly superior to their white employers, and consequently the relations of the two races have not much improved since the abolition of slavery.

The West Indies are too much governed from London; too little attention is paid to the commercial and industrial needs of those who have the most to lose by philanthropic experiments.

Englishmen are just now disposed to treat us Yankees with a generosity that puts us to the blush. Last week an American was made Member of the Royal Academy, and that means that one Englishman was on his account kept out of that coveted place. For to be in England an R.A. is no empty honor, such as receiving the medal of the Legion of Honor. It means that the lucky artist is one of a select club whose members enjoy opportunities for selling their pictures which are superior to the opportunities enjoyed by their fellows. An R.A. has his paintings hung better than those of men equally clever but not so distinguished. An R.A. can demand larger fees for his portraits—and gets them readily. The Royal Academy, in making John Sargent, of Boston, an R.A., have shown that they regard merit alone in the selections they make. Had the narrow spirit of protectionism prevailed here, there would have been reasons enough advanced for keeping these prizes for Englishmen only.

I was surprised to note the cordiality with which America was greeted on this occasion; for in making Alfred Parsons an Associate of the Royal Academy people here gave America the credit of having discovered his powers and given him the opportunity he needed for their exercise. It is to Harper's Magazine that we owe the best of Parsons's black-and-white work, though his work in color has been uniformly admirable—at least what I have seen of his at recent exhibitions.

Our government taxes artists unnecessarily, it seems to me. A New York painter pays more for his canvas, his brushes, his models, his properties, and his colors than any European one; and as to rent, the American pays at least double. Is this "protection"? I can't see it. He gets no better pay than his European competitor—perhaps not even so good. If Uncle Sam means to "protect" American artists he had better stop taxing the artist and force American buyers to patronize exclusively American pictures.

Name me the best six American portrait-painters, and I venture to think that I can find six English portrait-painters who command higher prices for their paintings and can live more comfortably on the proceeds. The reason is that Uncle Sam makes life so hard for an artist at home that he goes abroad to study cheaply, and he there discovers that when once he has made a reputation he can earn a living just as well abroad as at home, because of the large number of rich Americans who annually visit London or Paris. If I knew nothing of political economy excepting the way in which "protectionism" has cursed our artists, I should have reason enough for being an advocate of a "revenue only" custom-house.

Poultney Bigelow.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

There she sits, in her box,
  And says "music's her passion."
She's as cross as John Knox.—
There she sits, in her box.
"But they see one's new frocks!
  And it is *so* the fashion!"—
There she sits, in her box.
  And *is* music her passion?

Let us hope that it is such. And his passion as well as hers. Otherwise even the consciousness of being quite in the right way to have one's most sumptuous stomacher fully appreciated, or to employ the full power of a shrewd masculine eye on American beauty, must pall before *Tristan und Isolde* is half over, or the final jubilation of Siegfried and Brünnhilde is achieved. However, Wagnerite or anti-Wagnerite, society as an auditor at the Metropolitan is nearly let out of school for another winter. The present week is the next to the final one. The production of *L'Africaine* last week must, however, have made even the merely fashionably musical wish that Meyerbeer's work had been sooner taken up. The cast was perhaps unparalleled—at least as to such a male quartet in it as the two Messrs. De Reszké, Mr. Plançon, and Mr. Lassalle. The latter barytone resumed, in admirable voice, one of his finest rôles as Nelusko. In it Mr. Lassalle first came before a New York audience some years ago; and he will long be remembered for this majestic and spirited delineation, and for his singing in such episodes as the duet, and the fiery closing apostrophe in the second act, and the "Adamastor, roi des vagues," of the third.

As for Mr. Jean de Reszké, perhaps the climax to a season of such lavish lyrical beauty, the highest moment of the 1896-7 term at the Metropolitan, came on this same *L'Africaine* evening, with the unsurpassable delivery by Mr. De Reszké of the ancient "Ô, paradis sorti!—Ô nouveau monde!" How often we have heard it sung, and well sung! But did we ever hear it sung, declaimed, expressed, in its full dramatic ardor as well as in its intense musical sensuousness as by Mr. De Reszké? The command to *bisser* it was like a general instant impulse all over the huge opera-house. In fact, the whole *L'Africaine* performance was exceptional. Apart from the male principals, Madame Litvinne, Madame Engel, Miss Bauermeister, were not slight contributors. The chorus, the orchestra under Mr. Mancinelli, the stage-managing and spectacle, were all admirable. It is only when Meyerbeer is sung in French, by superior French artists, by mature French artists, by artists intelligent in the best traditions of that great Opéra for which Meyerbeer wrote, that Meyerbeer is really quite worth hearing. But under such circumstances he is well worth hearing. Little seems dull, trivial, labored, or ineffective, as at other times. By-the-bye, what a capital *Robert le Diable* cast might this season have given us! And *Robert* has not been sung in New York since 1883! But, as has been said, there is no time for *Robert*, or *The Gioconda*, or *Falstaff*, or *The Valkyr*, or much else, with the winter season in its final fortnight. *The Cid* of Massenet, in its first New York performance, and a revival of Mozart's *Wedding of Figaro*, impart interest to these winding-up nights, and are a perceptible compensation.

The centenary of Schubert's birthday, January 31, 1797, has been and still is in process of being generally celebrated about the world. New York has not been behindhand. The Philharmonic Society's concerts last Friday and Saturday, those by the Symphony Society preceding, an excellent concert by the new American Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Franko, and half a dozen local commemorations by as many of our important musical clubs have followed in enthusiastic succession. Most of the memorials in Europe or in our own country drew from the same favorite and supreme works. The programmes offered one or the other of the three symphonies (or rather of the two symphonies and half of another) which are all that we ever hear out of Schubert's nine or ten—*The Wanderer* Fantasia in lieu of any concerto (for Schubert wrote no piano-forte concerti, so called), the *Rosamunde* Entr'acte in B minor, or the same opera's gracious Overture, the best-known chamber-music, the favorite piano-forte pieces, the choicest of those songs in which Schubert said what no one said in the German Lieder before him, or has said since his utterances.

In this careful remembrance, so universal, so affectionate, there is much that is of good, aside from honoring Franz Schubert. In these days when the world is full of music's friction and faction, in these days when the world's mind and ear and nerves are strained to study and take in and feel music much as a magnificent technical expression, there is a quieting and sane and healthful process in everybody's stopping for a moment to fix his mind—even for the hundredth time—on one of the half-dozen serene and indisputable musicians: the men who have written not superb musical nervosity and mathematics—but just music. Have we got so very far beyond them, after all? Could we not have spared even some of our tremendously imposing oracles, our dominant prophets that since Schubert's day have spoken to us, that just now speak much to us in a mood later than his calmer one?—but, we fear, not with more inspiration than his. One suspects that we could; and one also suspects that the world will by-and-by be sparing them, when all the more tenaciously it holds to its heart Gluck and Mozart, Beethoven and Schubert. These are not dislodged from their calm yet sympathetic royalty. They rule everywhere. The gypsyish dash in Schubert is allegorical of his universality. With Gluck, with Mozart, with Beethoven, he spoke in music to the world-heart, the world-temperament. Yet with Vienna celebrating his birthday, as it has just been doing, it is only fair to say that we cannot fancy Schubert as being anything so much as a Viennese. Mr. Gilbert's sally about the possibility of a man's being born a Russian, or a Prussian, or an Italian, does not follow here. Certainly, too, it is a supreme and immovable honor to Vienna that Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven, and Schubert all were *her* composers. She treated them all badly. But they were hers. What other city can surpass their individual and combined lustre!

Mr. Du Maurier's general knowledge of music from the stand-point of the auditor, of the auditor *passionnel*, was noteworthy. His allusions to music and musicians in his stories have always been strikingly correct as well as happy. Here one finds just the very characterization of a song, a sonata, an act, or a whole work, hit off with a touch. There occurs a sentiment for it, not the less intelligent or positive because the phrase is so brief. *Peter Ibbetson* has some striking references and suggestions. What indifferent practical music-maker cannot enter into Ibbetson's tantalization at sitting down to pore over a hard piano-forte score that one can't play? *Trilby* is built on music and hypnotism. In spite of the wrench that comes to the instructed with the idea of the heroine's singing so fetchingly that Chopin Impromptu (that couldn't be sung with any effect by any kind of a human voice yet let loose on the world of surprises), and despite Trilby's equally miraculous treatment of the "Ben Bolt" ballad, still there are capital off-sets in the book to such novelistic liberties. Svengali is in touch almost always with a familiar professional type. *The Martian*, however, as far as that story yet is in print, is fairly overrunning with musical allusiveness. Take for reference the Fourth Part by itself: Beethoven's *Adelaide*, Schubert's *Serenade*, Auber's *Masaniello*, Bellini's *La Sonnambula*, Handel's *Acis and Galatea* (in a curiously accented admiration); the sugary air "La mia letizia" in Verdi's *The Lombards;* the songs "The Standard-Bearer," and "Mon Aldegonde," and "Well may the Keel row"; references to Madame Sainton-Dolby, Louisa Pyne, Elliott Galer, to Balfe's "Then You'll Remember Me"—and that "Oh, Tannhäuser! I may live to love thee yet." And the novel's Fifth Part includes the long and beautiful reference (and theory) concerning the greater musicians and their inspirations. Mr. Du Maurier was a natural musician, as he was a natural novel-writer, whether he knew it or not; his musical ideas were well sorted in his memory and in his heart.

It seems that we might have had Giordano's interesting "historical" opera *Andrea Chenier* at the Metropolitan this season instead of hearing it only from Mr. Mapleson's ill-fated troupe in the Academy of Music. The work deserves a place anywhere that it can be mounted properly and well sung, and it would have added interest to the meagre repertory of our opera-house. The statement is now current that Giordano partly arranged for its production at Covent Garden last spring, and greatly desired as much, but that at the last negotiation he withdrew his score because Mr. Jean de Reszké could not be cast for the title part. It will be a pleasure to hear Mr. De Reszké in it, should he ever undertake it, for it is a rôle peculiarly suited to him, dramatically and lyrically. Apropos of Giordano's work, an interesting and authoritative study of the real de Chenier and his career has just appeared in a French periodical. It means the usual sad and effective shattering of romance. De Chenier doubtless did, after he reached the horrid Saint-Lazare Prison, fall into a sentimental passion for Mlle. de Coigny. But Mlle. de Coigny was by no means the kind of heroine that Illica's libretto makes her, nor was she the frail "young captive" that poem suggests. She was a divorcée. She had, too, another lover, one M. Montrond, in Saint-Lazare. By a shrewd bribery she escaped from her prison one night in company with Montrond, without a thought of anybody save him and herself, much less of poor de Chenier. If she knew of the unfortunate poet's flame or death she certainly did not care a franc. It is a pitiful touch in the true story of the poet (Illica well could have used the fact in his libretto) that it was the doting and agonized anxiety of the aged father of de Chenier over the son's danger that hastened the execution. Barras signed the order in sheer *ennui* at the old man's visits and his pleadings to have the case reviewed.

The official announcement for the next series of performances of Wagnerian music-drama at Baireuth has appeared from the Messrs. Novello, Ewer, & Co., of this city, who annually represent the enterprise in the United States. The Nibelungen dramas will be sung, arranged in three cycles; and eight performances of *Parsifal* will be added. This remedies what was an important mistake last year; for it is an obvious fact that where the general public will not be attracted to Baireuth for the four "Ring" dramas (now so familiar all the world over, and so admirably given in dozens of lyric theatres), the *Parsifal* representation is a potent loadstone. The music-publishers above named can furnish inquirers with the requisite information as to the arrangements and the prices for tickets. There will be no tickets for single representations sold, except as to the *Parsifal* afternoons of July 28 and August 9. The complete dates are here noted:

	July 19, Monday	*Parsifal.*
First Cycle	July 21, Wednesday	*Rheingold.*
	July 22, Thursday	*Walküre.*
	July 23, Friday	*Siegfried.*
	July 24, Saturday	*Götterdämmerung.*
	July 27, Tuesday	*Parsifal.*
	July 28, Wednesday	*Parsifal.*
	July 30, Friday	*Parsifal.*
Second Cycle	August 2, Monday	*Rheingold.*
	August 3, Tuesday	*Walküre.*
	August 4, Wednesday	*Siegfried.*
	August 5, Thursday	*Götterdämmerung.*
	August 8, Sunday	*Parsifal.*
	August 9, Monday	*Parsifal.*
	August 11, Wednesday	*Parsifal.*
Third Cycle	August 14, Saturday	*Rheingold.*
	August 15, Sunday	*Walküre.*
	August 16, Monday	*Siegfried.*
	August 17, Tuesday	*Götterdämmerung.*
	August 19, Thursday	*Parsifal.*

E. Irenaeus Stevenson.

THIS BUSY WORLD

Mr. George Brooke Roberts, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, who died on January 30, had spent nearly all of his manhood in the employ of the road of which he became the head. He was born in 1833, in Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, studied civil engineering, and was graduated from the Rensselaer Polytechnic at Troy. In 1851 he found employment as rodman with an engineering corps of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and won quick advancement. The following year he took the position of Assistant Engineer of the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad, then under construction—a road which at that time had an independent existence, but which later, under Mr. Roberts's own supervision, became part of the Pennsylvania system. In 1862 he came back to the Pennsylvania road as assistant to President J. Edgar Thomson, on whose death, in 1874, he became First Vice-President under Thomas A. Scott. In 1880 he succeeded Colonel Scott as President. His administration was exceedingly successful, and he was held in the highest respect and esteem, especially by those best qualified to appreciate his abilities, the managers of other railroads, whose estimate of him appeared in his election and repeated re-election as Chairman of the Board of Presidents of the Trunk Line Association.

Mr. Frank Thomson, who succeeded Mr. Roberts as President by vote of the directors on February 3, had been First Vice-President since 1888, and for fifteen years before that had served the road in various capacities. He was born in Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, in 1841, went to school in his native town, and at seventeen went into the shops of the Pennsylvania Railroad at Altoona. Thomas A. Scott was General Superintendent of the road at that time, and when the war broke out and he went to Washington to help the government in the transportation of troops he took Mr. Thomson with him as one of his aids, and put him in charge of the construction and operation of military railways. To this service Mr. Thomson devoted himself for four years, and then resigned to become Superintendent of the Eastern Division of the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad. In 1873 he was appointed Superintendent of Motive Power of the Pennsylvania Railroad, in the following year General Manager, in 1882 Second Vice-President, and First Vice-President, as aforesaid, in 1888. For several years past, since President Roberts broke down in health, Mr. Thomson has discharged most of the active duties of President, and his election as Mr. Roberts's successor was confidently expected. It was while Mr. Thomson was General Manager of the Pennsylvania road that the block system was introduced, and most of the innovations and improvements in transportation for which that road is noted are understood to have been made under his supervision, and to have been largely due to his energy and foresight.

Gentlemen who feel a special call to moralize on the disadvantages of sudden accessions of means to persons not trained to expensive habits are invited to consider the case of the deep-sea fish who gets too far up toward the surface of the ocean. Some one has been telling in the *Nineteenth Century* magazine about these creatures. They live at great depths, where the pressure of the water is enormous, and are constructed so as to be comfortable at that pressure. We are told that

> If one of these fish, in full chase after its prey, happens to ascend beyond a certain level, its bladder becomes distended with the decreased pressure, and carries it, in spite of all its efforts, still higher in its course. In fact, members of this unfortunate class are liable to become victims to the unusual accident of falling upward, and, no doubt, meet with a violent death soon after leaving their accustomed level, and long before their bodies reach the surface in a distorted and unnatural shape.

The analogy between these deep-sea fishes and people who are hoisted by sudden "success" out of the environment they are used to is not perfect, but it is sufficiently striking to make a useful illustration.

Last Saturday was the opening day of Mr. Howard Pyle's exhibition of eighty-four drawings, including those made to illustrate Professor Woodrow Wilson's *Life of Washington* (Harpers'), others drawn for the Christmas numbers of Harper's Magazine and Harper's Weekly, for the *Century Magazine*, for *Scribner's*, and for other uses and publications. In the catalogue of the exhibition, of which fifty copies are printed on large paper, several of the drawings are reproduced, and many are explained and commented upon in a manner highly edifying, not only on account of the information conveyed, but for the manner in which it is communicated. Most of the drawings shown are of recent date, and form, Mr. Pyle says, but a portion of his work which has been published in prints during the current year. He adds that he may boast that whatever the offsprings of his Muse may lack in grace, she herself possesses a pretty great fecundity of productiveness. Furthermore, the artist claims for his Muse that she is extremely American in her inclinations; but as to that and her other attributes she speaks eloquently for herself.

Most people know about the Protestant Cathedral of St. John the Divine which is in process of construction in the upper end of New York. Not every one may be aware that there is a church downtown, in Stanton Street, which is temporarily used as a cathedral while the big one is building, and is known as the pro-cathedral. At the instigation of the college committee of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, the Rev. R. R. Huise, of this pro-cathedral, is about to start on a recruiting tour of the Eastern colleges (Harvard, Yale, Trinity, Columbia, Princeton, Pennsylvania, Lehigh, and Lafayette) to enlist sundry Christian young men, each of whom shall be willing to live and work for three months in a settlement-house to be founded somewhere on the lower East Side of New York. This new settlement is to differ, it seems, from the East-Side settlements now in operation in that its purpose is to Christianize its neighbors, whereas the other settlements have been content with merely spreading civilization. In some of the colleges he proposes to visit (at Harvard, certainly, for one) Mr. Hulse will find an extraordinary interest in sociological problems, and remarkable readiness to give personal service to good works. If the particular enterprise he has in hand recommends itself to the young men whom he goes among, he will probably get such recruits as he wants. The general willingness to enlist in good causes exists. It is only necessary to convince possible recruits that a particular cause is wisely planned and worth while.

If President Jordan of Stanford University has said what is imputed to him about revivals of religion, he has expressed an opinion which won't wash as it stands, and which it will take a great deal of tinkering and explanation to make acceptable to thoughtful people. The report is that in a sermon on January 31, before the Unitarian Society of Berkeley, in California, he said:

> Stimulants produce temporary insanity. Whiskey, cocaine, and alcohol bring temporary insanity, and so does a revival of religion—one of those religious revivals in which men lose all their reason and self-control. This is simply a form of drunkenness, no more worthy of respect than the drunkenness which lies in the gutters.

There are a great many good people who think rather small potatoes of revivals, considering them offensive to good taste, undignified, extravagant in their immediate results, and evanescent in their ultimate effects. They consider that a good deal of hypnotism goes to the making of them, and that, the reason not being forcibly impressed, a large yield of backsliding usually ensues. Still, it is a very venturesome person that condemns revivals altogether. It would seem that when a man's religious instincts are successfully "revived" the most definite thing which he acquires is a realization of the existence of God, and of his relation as a human being to God. This realization is an extremely valuable acquirement, and it is worth some contortions to get it. Moreover, it is apt to come hard, and to make a disturbance of one's habits and opinions. It is the introduction of a new force—a force that is bound to show itself, and is liable at first to show itself impulsively in ill-regulated channels, and by methods imperfectly considered. The realization of God is an emotion, as love at first sight is an emotion. Sometimes it is shallow and transitory. In other cases it is profoundly deep, surviving all its early manifestations, adapting itself to matured opinions, and to beliefs remodelled and developed by experience and increased knowledge, but continuing as a central motive affecting all action. It is not to be learned out of books, and it is possible that President Jordan may not know much about it, and may not believe that it is sometimes a result of revivals, but if, as appears, he has been talking about revivals being simply a form of drunkenness, he has run a grave risk of having some one tell him what Lincoln said when some one warned him that Grant was drinking too much whiskey.

The management of the Metropolitan Museum of Art got a great deal of newspaper attention of a certain sort last week because its doorkeepers are directed to exercise some degree of supervision of the dress of visitors. It is reported that it has been customary to require that men who visit the museum shall wear their coats, and that workmen who wear overalls shall take them off and check them before going in, or roll them up and carry them. This exclusion of overalls seems to strike some of the esteemed contemporaries as a very outrageous limitation of the rights of men, and they have clamored about it with a great show of indignation, and with flaming head-lines and startling pictorial protests.

It is possible that doorkeepers in the Metropolitan Museum may in some cases have been uncivil to visitors, and have shown a lack of discretion in some of their rulings, but the requirement that workmen shall not wear in the museum the overalls in which they do their work does not seem in itself unreasonable or improper, nor would its enforcement appear to involve hardship to any one. The use of overalls is to keep one's clothes clean; but visitors to the museum run no risk of soiling their clothes, and have no occasion to wear their overalls while in the building. There is a certain propriety of dress that we all owe to one another. Our clothes should, as far as is reasonably practicable and convenient, be in harmony with our occupations and surroundings. The standard of dress prescribed at the Metropolitan Museum is not high nor difficult. It does not appear that any one, however poor, who wants to see the treasures of the museum has been or is likely to be kept out because of inability to comply with it. Probably no well-mannered workman has the least objection to it. Americans, who are very generally regarded as the best-natured people in the world, are almost as generally criticised for their bad manners. We are censured for the discourtesy of our address, for our habit of spitting everywhere, for an indifference to decorum and appearances which shows itself in a thousand details and particulars. Courtesy is not the most vital of virtues, but it is the most charming, and the one that goes furthest to make life pleasant. We Americans, as a people, have need to cultivate it. It is a piece of courtesy for a workman who intends to spend half an hour in a public picture-gallery to devote a minute to making himself as presentable as he can. It is no gain at all to him to avoid that duty. He does as much and more when he goes to church. It is not a good work to try to make him believe that his "rights" are interfered with when such a thing is expected of him. Far better tell him, what seems to be indisputable, that the expectation is proper; and that when, in the form of a rule, it is enforced with civility and discretion, it makes for the public enjoyment and for individual self-respect.

General Orders No. 3, dated January 15, 1897, and issued from the Adjutant-General's office of the State of Wiscon, records the retirement from the service of that State, on his own application, of Brigadier-General Charles King, better known to readers of the Weekly and to readers generally as Captain Charles King. The order gives in detail General King's complete military record from the time (1856) when he began as marker of the First Regiment Wisconsin State Militia; through his four years at West Point; his service as an artillery officer of the regular army; his transfer to the cavalry, and repeated and distinguished experience of Indian-fighting; his retirement from the regular army in 1879 for "disability resulting from wounds received in line of duty"; and his services from that time until now as Professor of Military Science in the University of Wisconsin (1880–2), Aide-de-camp to Governors Rusk and Hoard (1882–91), Assistant Inspector-General, Wisconsin National Guard (1883–9), Colonel of the Fourth Infantry, Wisconsin National Guard (1890–2), commandant of cadets at the Michigan Military Academy (1892), and Adjutant-General of the Wisconsin National Guard (1895–7). Of General King's work in connection with the Wisconsin National Guard, Adjutant-General Boardman says: "He has left an indelible imprint upon the organized military forces of the State, an influence that has had beneficial effect in every branch of the service. He has systematized the work, expanded and perfected the plan of instruction, raised the discipline to a high standard, and by his manliness and kindness won the commendation of critics and the admiration and love of those who served under him."

The University of Chicago has contrived a highly interesting innovation in commencement exercises by inviting Lady Aberdeen, the wife of the late Viceroy of Ireland, and present Governor-General of Canada, to be the convocation orator at its coming commencement exercises. Lady Aberdeen is well known through her efforts to encourage and develop Irish industries during her husband's term of office in Ireland. She is particularly well known in Chicago because of her activity in getting up the Irish village and exhibit of Irish women's handiwork at the World's Fair. She is said to be active in good works in Canada, and very popular there, and is described as a polished orator, with a decided turn for politics, and much experience in political speaking. None of the college-commencement orators of this year is likely to attract more attention than she.

Ambassador Bayard goes right on exchanging courtesies with the British and giving them satisfaction, as though such a creature as an American Jingo did not exist. His dinner to the Prince of Wales on February 3 seems to have caused something approaching excitement in London, and received ample attention from the American newspapers. It was attended by a very distinguished company, including Lord Salisbury, the Lord High Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justice, Cardinal Vaughan, the Marquis of Lansdowne, and other British gentlemen of eminence. It appears that it is somewhat unusual for the Prince of Wales to dine with an ambassador, and it is said to be twenty-five years since his royal legs have bestowed themselves under the mahogany of an emissary of the United States. A Boston newspaper reports that Mr. Bayard ordered no expense to be spared, and that "the splendid old plate of the Bayard family" was used. Another journal says that the Prince was in a most genial mood, which is very probable, since he had an agreeable host and doubtless a good dinner.

One of the things that a modern explorer always takes with him is a camera. Dr. Nansen, of course, had one, and with it took more than a thousand photographs, from which the illustrations have been made which form an exceedingly interesting feature of his forth-coming book. There are about 250 of them, 130 full page, and 16 colored plates made from colored drawing done by the explorer on the spot; for though Dr. Nansen does not assume to be an artist, he can draw and use colors effectively. The publication of the book in England has been hastened by the Messrs. Constable, the English publishers, so that it might come out while Dr. Nansen was in England. He visited London on the 2d of February, and has been energetically lionized ever since. His wife, a daughter of the late Professor Sars, a well-known zoologist, is with him, and shares his honors. She is a singer of reputation, and the Queen has asked her to sing at Windsor.

General William P. Craighill, late Chief of Engineers, was retired from active service at his own request on February 1. In his letter to the Secretary of War, asking to be retired, he tells the Secretary that he might have retired in July, 1893, after forty years' service, and might have been retired in July, 1895, because he was sixty-two years old, but was promoted instead. But he says that he has foreseen that in July of this year he would have to be retired on account of age, and then he adds:

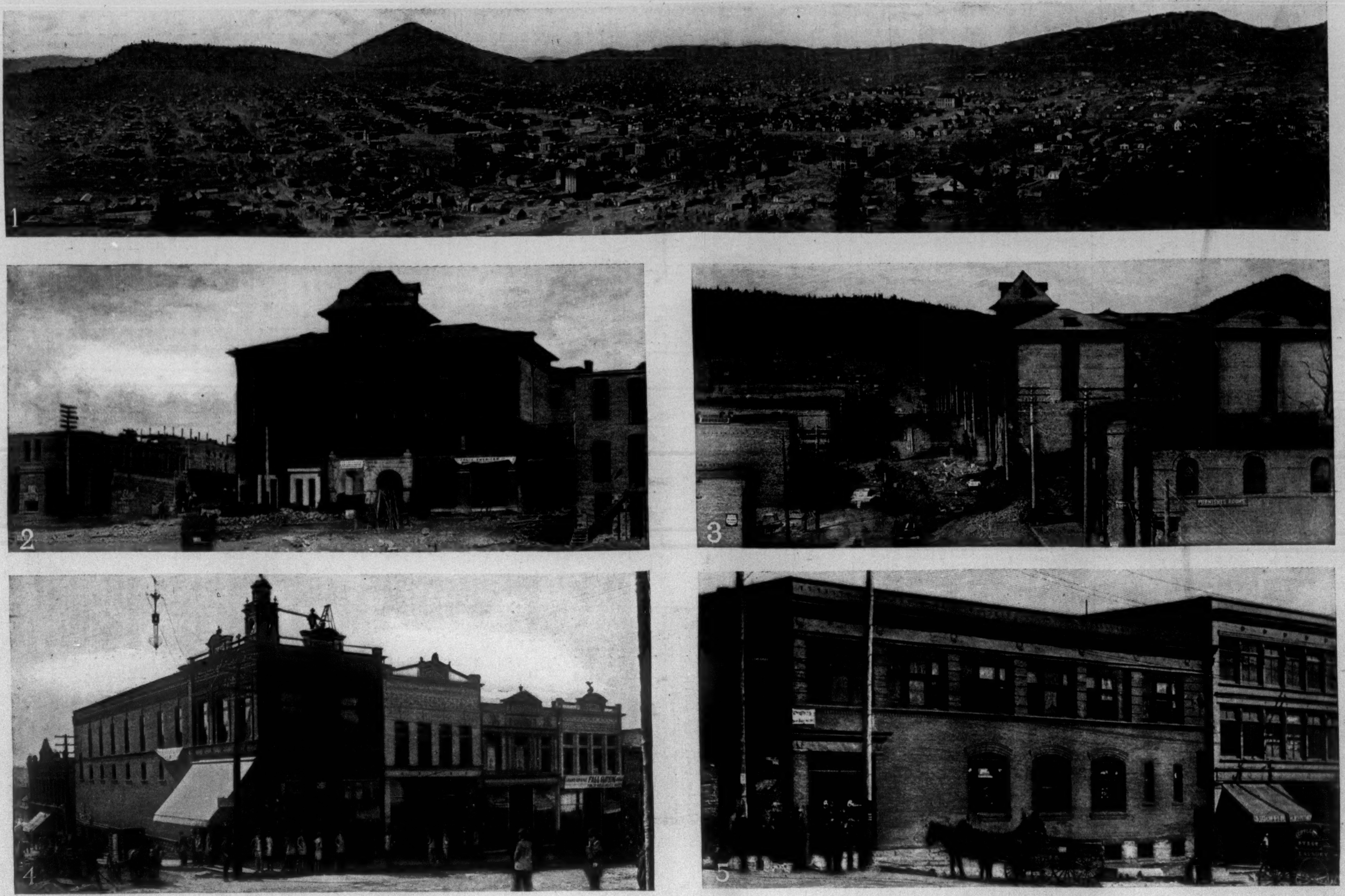
> Having still considerable vigor left, and wishing not to live in idleness the rest of my life, I have sought for employment, with good prospects of securing it, which will be made better by an early retirement, and not waiting for the formal operation of the law. Under the circumstances stated I hope it will not seem unreasonable if I wish to be retired before July 1, 1897, and I now have the honor to request that I may be permitted to do so February 1, 1897.

Here's hoping that General Craighill secured the employment he had his eye on. Nearly all efficient officers who are retired under the law at sixty-four suffer very much for lack of occupation during some of the best years of their life, and are used to lament grievously over their predicament. What a serious calamity forced idleness would be to General Craighill is apparent from the information he gives about his excessive addiction to work; for he says that, including his time as a cadet, he has served forty-eight years, lacking five months, with an average of only three or four days on leave a year. The only safe and sure way to make an idle man of a person who has formed such habits as his is to bury him. But burial at sixty-four is wasteful and untimely, besides being difficult to compass by lawful means.

Dr. Lyman Abbott is not sorry for anything he has said about the book of Jonah, and bears with an equal mind the tumult that his opinions raised. He finds nothing irreverent in his views, which have long been held, he says, by eminent scholars in the Church, and does not doubt that the ultimate effect of the discussion will be to cause the Bible to be more read and more respected than ever. As to the attentions his clerical brethren have paid him, he is quoted as saying: "I think the counsel given by Dr. John Watson (Ian Maclaren) to the students at Yale is wise counsel—'Ministers might very well copy the etiquette of the medical profession, which is distinguished by the respect its members show to one another. No minister should criticise another minister in public.'"

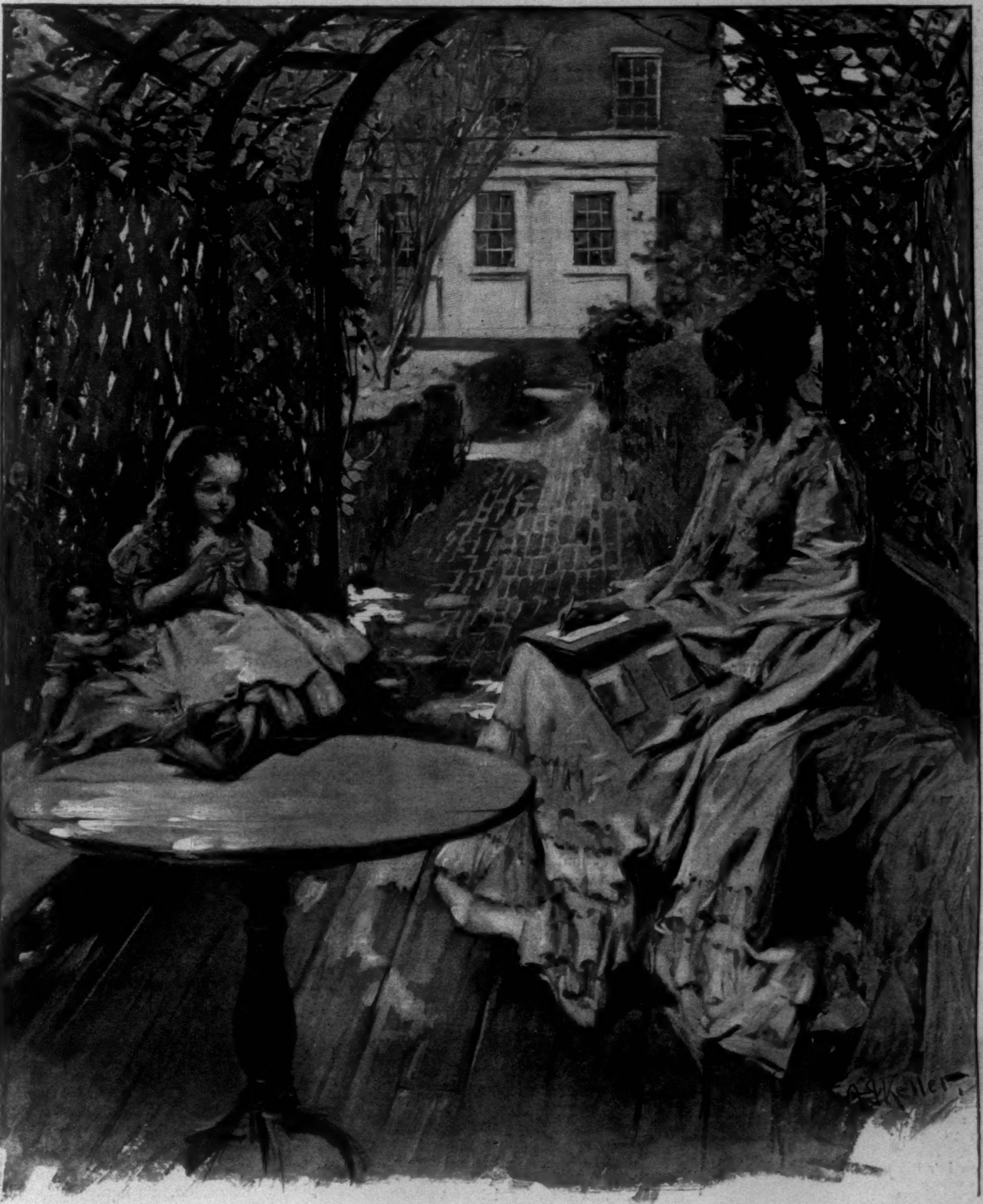
This is the week that the Department of "Music and Drama" devotes itself to music. Next week due attention will be paid to Mrs. Burnett's and Mr. George Fleming's new play, *The First Gentleman of Europe*, first produced in this country on January 25 at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, illustrations of which appear on another page.

E. S. Martin.



THE NEW CRIPPLE CREEK, SHOWING THE TOWN'S RAPID RECOVERY FROM THE DISASTROUS FIRES OF APRIL, 1896.—[See Page 162.]

1. View of the Town of Cripple Creek from Gold Hill. 2. Front of the National Hotel, showing Part of the Burned District. 3. Looking West on Bennett Avenue, the Principal Thoroughfare, from Midland Terminal Railway Station. 4. Business Block, South Side of Bennett Avenue, Corner of Third Street. 5. The Bimetallic Bank, Corner of Bennett Avenue and Second Street.



JEROME—A POOR MAN.*

BY MARY E. WILKINS,

AUTHOR OF "PEMBROKE," "JANE FIELD," "MADELON," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. I. KELLER.

CHAPTER VII.

IN every household which includes a beloved child there is apt to be one above another, who acts as an intercessor toward furthering its little plans and ends. Little Lucina's was her father. Her mother was no less indulgent in effect, but she was anxiously solicitous lest too much concession spoil the child, and had often to reconcile a permission to her own conscience before giving it, even in trivial matters.

Therefore little Lucina, having in mind some walk abroad or childish treasure, would often seek her father, and lifting up her face like a flower against his rough-coated breast, beg him, in that small wheedling voice which he so loved, to ask her mother that she might go or have; for well she knew, being astute, though so small and innocent and gentle, that such a measure was calculated to serve her ends, and allay her mother's scruples through a shift of responsibility.

However, to-day, since her father was away fishing, Lucina was driven to seek other aid in the carrying out of a small plan which she had formed for her delectation.

Right anxiously the child watched for her father to come home to the noonday dinner; but he did not come, and she and her mother ate alone. Then she stole away up stairs to her little dimity-hung chamber, opening out of her parents' and facing towards the sun, and all twinkling and swaying with little white tassels on curtains and covers and counterpane, in the draught, as she opened the door. Then she went down on her knees beside her bed, and prayed in the simplicity of her heart, which would seek a Heavenly Father in lieu of an earthly one, for all her small desires, and think no irreverence: "Our Father who art in Heaven, please make mother let me go to Aunt Camilla's this afternoon. Amen."

Then she rose, with no delay for lack of faith, and went straight down to her mother, and proffered her request timidly, and yet with a confidence as of one who has a larger voice of authority at her back.

"Please, mother, may I go over to Aunt Camilla's this afternoon?" asked little Lucina.

And her mother, not knowing what principle of childish faith was involved, hesitated, knitting her small dark face, which had no look like Lucina's, perplexedly.

"I don't know, child," said she.

"Please, mother!"

"I am afraid you'll trouble your aunt, Lucina."

"No, I won't, mother! I'll take my doll, and I'll play with her real quiet."

"I am afraid your aunt Camilla will have something else to do."

"She can do it, mother. I won't trouble her—I won't speak to her—honest! Please, mother."

"You ought to sit down at home this afternoon and do some work, Lucina."

"I'll take over my garter-knitting, mother, and I'll knit ten times across."

It happened at length, whether through effectual prayer, or such skilful fencing against weak maternal odds, that the little Lucina, all fresh frilled and curled, with her silk knitting-bag dangling at her side, and her doll nestled to her small mother-shoulder, stepping with dainty primness in her jostling starched pantalettes, lifting each foot carefully lest she hit her nice morocco toes against the stones, went up the road to her aunt Camilla's.

Miss Camilla Merritt lived in the house which had belonged to her grandfather, called the "old Merritt house" to distinguish it from the one which her father had built, in which her brother Eben lived. Both, indeed, were old, but hers was venerable, and claimed that respect which extreme age, even in inanimate things, deserves. And in a way, indeed, this old house might have been considered raised above the mere properties of wood and brick and plaster by such an accumulation of old memories and associations, which were inseparable from its walls, to something nearly sentient and human, and to have established in itself a link 'twixt matter and mind.

Never had any paint touched its outer walls, overlapped with silver-gray shingles like scales of a fossil fish. The door and the great pillared portico over it were painted white, as they had been from the first, and that was all. A brick walk, sunken in mossy hollows, led up to the front door, which was only a few feet from the road, the front yard being merely a narrow strip with great poplars set therein. Lucina had always had a suspicion, which she confided to no one, being sensitive as to ridicule for her childish theories, that these poplars were not real trees. Even the changing of the leaves did not disarm her suspicion. Sometimes she dug surreptitiously around the roots with a pointed stick to see what she could discover for or against it, and always with a fearful excitement of daring, lest she topple the tree over, perchance, and destroy herself and Aunt Camilla and the house.

To-day Lucina went up the walk between the poplars, recognizing them as one recognizes friends oftentimes, not as their true selves, but as our conception of them, and knocked one little ladylike knock with the brass knocker. She never entered her aunt Camilla's house without due ceremony.

Aunt Camilla's old woman, who lived with her, and performed her household work as well as any young one, answered the knock and bade her enter. Lucina followed this portly old woman figure, moving with a stiff wabble of black bombazined hips, like some old domestic fowl, into the east room, which was the sitting-room.

The old woman's name was lost to memory, inasmuch as she had been known simply as 'Liza ever since her early childhood, and had then hailed from the town farm, with her parentage a doubtful matter.

There was about this woman, who had no kith nor kin, nor equal friends, nor money, nor treasures, nor name, and scarce her own individuality in the minds of others, a strange atmosphere of silence, broken seldom, by uncouth stammering speech, which always intimidated the little Lucina. She had, however, a way of expanding into sudden broad smiles after long stares at her, which relieved the little girl's apprehension; and, too, her rusty

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2089.

black bombazine smelled always of rich cake—a reassuring perfume to one who knew the taste of it.

Lucina's aunt Camilla was a nervous soul, and liked not the rattle of starched cotton about the house. Her old serving-woman must go always clad in woollen, which held the odors of cooking long.

Lucina sat down in a little rocking-chair, hollowed out like a nest in back and seat, which was her especial resting-place, and 'Liza went out, leaving the rich fruity odor of cake behind her, saying no word, but evidently to tell her mistress of her guest. There were no blinds on this ancient house, but there were inside shutters in fine panel-work at all the windows. These were all closed except at the east windows. There between the upper panels were left small square apertures which framed little pictures of the blue spring sky, slanted across with blooming peach boughs; for there was a large peach orchard on the east side of the house. Lucina watched these little pictures, athwart which occasionally a bird flew, and raised them to life. She held her doll primly, and her little work-bag still dangled from her arm. She would not begin her task of knitting until her aunt appeared and her visit was fairly in progress.

Over against the south wall stood a clock as tall as a giant man, and giving in the half-light a strong impression of the presence of one, to an eye which did not front it. Lucina often turned her head with a start and looked, to be sure it was only the clock which sent that long dark streak athwart her vision. The clock ticked with slow and solemn majesty. She was sure that sixty of those ticks would make a minute, and sixty times the sixty an hour, if she could count up to that and not get lost in such a sea of numbers; but she could not tell the time of day by the clock hands.

Lucina was a quick-witted child, but seemed in some particulars to have a strange lack of curiosity, or else an instinct to preserve for herself an imagination instead of acquiring knowledge. She was either obstinately but involuntarily averse, or incapable as yet of telling time, and the hands of the clock were held before its face of mystery for concealment rather than revelation to her. But she loved to sit and watch the clock, and she never told her mother what she thought about it. Directly in front of Lucina, as she sat waiting, hanging directly over the mantel-shelf between the east windows, was a great steel engraving of the Declaration of Independence. Lucina looked at the cluster of grave men, and was innocently proud and sure that her father was much finer looking than any one of them, and, moreover, doubted irreverently if any one of them could shoot rabbits or catch fish, or do anything but sign his name with that stiff pen. Lucina was capable of an agony of faithfulness to her own, but of loyalty in a broad sense she knew nothing, and never would, having in that respect the typical capacity only of women.

The east-room door had been left ajar. Presently a soft whisper of silk could be heard afar off; but before that even a delicate breath of lavender came floating into the room. Many sweet and subtly individual odors seemed to dwell in this old house, preceding the mortal inhabitants through the doors, and lingering behind them in rooms where they had staid.

Lucina started when the lavender breath entered the room, and looked up as if at a ghostly herald. She toed out her two little morocco-shod feet more particularly upon the floor, she smoothed down her own and her doll's little petticoats, and she also made herself all ready to rise and courtesy.

After the lavender sweetness came the whisper of silk flounces, growing louder and louder; but there was no sound of footsteps, for Aunt Camilla moved only with the odor and rustle of a flower. No one had ever heard her little slippered feet; even her high heels never tapped the thresholds. She had a way of advancing her toes first and making the next step with a tilt, so soft that it was scarcely a break from a glide, and yet clearing the floor as to her slipper heels.

Lucina knew her aunt Camilla was coming down the stairs by the rustling of her silk flounces along the rails of the banisters, like harp strings; then there was a cumulative whisper and an entrance.

Lucina rose, holding her doll like a dignified little mother, and dropped a courtesy.

"Good afternoon," said Aunt Camilla.

"Good afternoon," returned Lucina.

"How do you do?" asked Aunt Camilla.

"Pretty well, I thank you," replied Lucina.

"How is your mother?"

"Pretty well, I thank you."

"Is your father well?"

"Yes, ma'am; I thank you."

During this dialogue Aunt Camilla was moving gently forward upon her niece. When she reached her she stooped, or rather drooped—for stooping implies a bend of bone and muscle, and her graceful body seemed to be held together by integuments like long willow leaves—and kissed her with a light touch of cool delicate lips. Aunt Camilla's slender arms in their pointed lilac sleeves and lace undersleeves waved forward as with a vague caressing intent. Soft locks of hair and frilling laces in her cap and bosom hung forward like leaves on a swaying bough, and tickled Lucina's face, half smothered in the old lavender fragrance.

Lucina colored innocently and sweetly when her aunt kissed her, and afterward looked up at her with sincerest love and admiration and delight.

Camilla Merritt was far from young, being much older than her brother, Lucina's father, but she was old as a poem or an angel might be, with the lovely meaning of her still uppermost and most evident. Camilla in her youth had been of a rare and delicate beauty, which had given her fame throughout the country-side, and she held the best of it still, as one holds jewels in a worn casket, and as a poem writ in obsolete language contains still its first grace of thought. Camilla's soft and slender body had none of those stiff distorted lines which come from resistance to the forced attitudes of life. Her body and her soul had been amenable to all discipline. She had leant sweetly against her crosses, instead of straining away from them with fierce cramps and agonies of resistance. In every motion she had the freedom of utter yielding, which surpasses the freedom of action. Camilla's graduated flounces of lilac silk, slightly faded, having over it a little spraying mist of gray, trimmed her full skirt to her slender waist, girdled with a narrow ribbon fastened with a little clasp set with amethysts. A great amethyst brooch fastened the lace at her throat. She wore a lace cap, and over that, flung loosely, draping her shoulders and shading her face with its soft mesh, a great shawl or veil of fine white lace wrought with sprigs. Camilla's delicately spare cheeks were softly pink, with that elderly bloom which lacks the warm dazzle of youth, yet has its own late beauty. Her eyes were blue and clear as a child's, and as full of innocent dreams—only of the past instead of the future. Her blond hair, which in turning gray had got a creamy instead of a silvery lustre, like her old lace, was looped softly and disposed in half-curls over her ears. When she smiled it was with the grace and fine dignity of ineffable ladyhood, and yet with the soft ignorance though none of the abandon of childhood. Camilla was like a child whose formal code and manners of life had been fully prescribed and learned, but whose vital copy had not been quite set.

Lucina loved her aunt Camilla with a strange sense of comradeship, and yet with awe. "If you can ever be as much of a lady as your aunt Camilla, I shall be glad," her mother often told her. Camilla was to Lucina the personification of the gentle and the genteel. She was her ideal, the model upon which she was to form herself.

Camilla was so unceasingly punctilious in all the finer details of living, that all who infringed upon them felt her mere presence a reproach. Children were never rough or loud-voiced or naughty when Miss Camilla was near, though she never admonished otherwise than by example. As for little Lucina, she would have felt shamed for life had her aunt Camilla caught her toeing in, or stooping, or leaving the "ma'am" off from her yes and no.

Camilla, this afternoon, did what Lucina had fondly hoped she might do—she proposed that they should sit out in the arbor in the garden. "I think it is warm enough," she said; and Lucina assented with tempered delight.

It was a very warm afternoon. Spring had taken, as she will sometimes do in May, being apparently weary of slow advances, a sudden flight into summer, with wild bursting of buds and a great clamor of wings and songs.

Miss Camilla got a yellow Canton crêpe shawl out of a closet that was redolent of sandal-wood, but she did not put it over her shoulders, the outdoor air was so soft. She needed nothing but her lace mantle over her head, which made her look like a bride of some old spring. Lucina followed her through the hall, out of the back door, which had a trellis and a grape-vine over it, into the garden. The garden was large, and laid out primly in box-bordered beds. There were even trees of box on certain corners, and sometimes it looked as if the box would in time quite choke out the flowers. Lucina, who was given to sweet and secret fancies, would often sit with wide blue eyes of contemplation upon the garden, and discover in the box a sprawling, many-armed green monster, bent upon strangling out the lives of the flowers in their beds.

"Why don't you have the box trimmed, Aunt Camilla?" she would venture to inquire at such times; and her aunt Camilla, looking gently askance at the flush of excitement, which she did not understand, upon her niece's cheek, would reply,

"The box has always been there, my dear."

Long existence proved always the sacredness of a law to Miss Camilla. She was a conservative to the bone.

The arbor where the two sat that afternoon was of the kind one sees in old prints where lovers sit in chaste embrace under a green arch of eglantine. However, in Miss Camilla's arbor were no lovers, and instead of eglantine were a honeysuckle and a climbing rose. The rose was not yet in bloom, and the honeysuckle's red trumpets were not blown—their parts in the symphony of the spring were farther on; over the arbor there was only a delicate prickling of new leaves, which cast a lacelike shadow underneath. A bench ran around the three closed sides of the arbor, and upon the bench sat Lucina and her aunt Camilla, in her spread of lilac flounces. Camilla held in her lap a little portfolio of papier-maché, and wrote with a little gold pencil on sheets of gilt-edged paper. Camilla always wrote when she sat in the arbor, but nobody ever knew what. She always carried the finely written sheets into the house, and nobody knew where she put them afterward. Camilla's long thin fingers, smooth and white as ivory, sparkled dully with old rings. Some large amethysts in fine gold settings she wore, one great yellow pearl, a mourning-ring of hair in a circlet of pearls for tears, and some diamond bands in silver, which gave out cold white lights only as her hands moved across the gilt-edged paper.

As for Lucina, she had set up her doll primly in a corner of the arbor, and was knitting her stent. It might have seemed difficult to understand what the child found to enjoy in this quiet entertainment, but in childhood all situations which appeal to the imagination give enjoyment, and most situations which break the routine of daily life do so appeal. Then, too, Camilla's quiet persistence in her own employment gave a delightful sense of equality and dignity to the child. She would not have liked it half as well had her aunt stooped to entertain her, and had brought out toys and games for her amusement. However, there was entertainment to come, to which she looked forward with gratification, as that placed her firmly on the footing of an honored guest. The minister's daughter or the doctor's wife could not be treated better or with more courtesy.

Aunt Camilla wrote with pensive pauses of reflection, and Lucina knitted until her stent was finished. Then she folded up the garter neatly, quilted in the needles as she had been taught, and placed it in her little bag. Then she took up her doll protectingly and soothingly, and held her in her lap, with the great china head against her small bosom. Lucina's doll was very large, and finely attired in stiff bookmuslin and pink ribbons. She wore also pink morocco shoes on her feet, which stood out strangely at sharp right angles. Lucina sometimes eyed her doll-baby's feet uncomfortably. "I guess she will outgrow it," she told herself, with innocent maternal hypocrisy early developed.

When Lucina laid aside her work and began nursing her doll her aunt looked up from her writing. "Are you enjoying yourself, dear?" she inquired.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Would you like to run about the garden?"

"No, thank you, ma'am; I will sit here and hold my doll. It is time for her nap. I will hold her till she goes to sleep."

"Then you can run about a little," suggested Miss Camilla, gravely, without a smile. She respected Lucina's doll, as she might have her baby, and the child's heart leaped up with gratitude. An older soul which needs not to make believe to re-enter childhood is a true comrade for a child.

"Yes, ma'am," replied Lucina. "I will lay her down on the bench here when she falls asleep."

"You can cover her up with my shawl," said Miss Camilla, gravely still, and naturally. Indeed, to her a child with a doll was as much a part and parcel of the natural order of things as a mother with an infant. Outside all of it herself, she comprehended and admitted it with the impartiality of an observer. "Then you can run in the garden," she added, "and pick a bouquet if you wish. There is not much in bloom now but the heart's-ease and the flowering almond and the daffodils, but you can make a bouquet of them to take home to your mother."

"Thank you, ma'am," said Lucina.

However, she was in no hurry to take advantage of her aunt's permission. She sat quietly in the warm and pleasant arbor, holding her doll-baby, with the afternoon sun sifting through the young leaves, and making over them a shifting dapple like golden water, and felt no inclination to stir. The spring languor was over even her young limbs; the sweet twitter of birds, the gathering birdlike flutter of leaves before a soft swell of air, the rustle of her aunt's gilt-edged paper, an occasional hiss of her silken flounces, grew dim and confused. Lucina, as well as her doll, fell asleep, leaning her pretty head against the arbor trellis-work. Camilla did not disturb her; she had never in her life disturbed the peace or the slumber of any soul. She only gazed at her now and then, with gentle, half-abstracted affection, then wrote again.

Presently, stepping with that subtlest silence of motion through the quiet garden, came a great yellow cat. She rubbed against Miss Camilla's knees, with that luxurious purr of love and comfort which is itself a completest slumber song, then made a noiseless leap to a sunny corner of the bench, and settled herself there in a yellow coil of sleep. Presently there came another, and another, and another still—all great cats, and all yellow, marked in splendid tiger stripes, with eyes like topaz—until there were four of them, all asleep on the sunny side of the arbor. Miss Camilla's yellow cats were of a famous kind, well represented in the village; but she had these four which were marvels of beauty.

Another hour wore on. Miss Camilla still wrote, and Lucina and the yellow cats slept. Then it was four o'clock, and time for the entertainment to which Lucina had looked forward.

There was a heavy footstep on the garden walk and a rustling among the box borders. Then old 'Liza loomed up in the arbor door, darkening out the light. Little Lucina stirred and woke, yet did not know she woke, not knowing she had slept. To her thinking she had sat all this time with her eyes wide open, and the sight of her aunt Camilla writing and the leaf shadows on the arbor floor had never left them. She saw the yellow cats with some surprise, but cats can steal in quietly when one's eyes are turned. Had Lucina dreamed she had fallen asleep when an honored guest of her lady aunt, she would have been ready to sink with shame. Blindness to one's innocent shortcomings seems sometimes a special mercy of Providence.

Lucina straightened herself with a flushed smile, gave just one glance at the great tray which old 'Liza bore before her; then looked away again, being fully alive to the sense that it is not polite nor ladylike to act as if you thought much of your eating and drinking.

Old 'Liza set the tray on a little table in the midst of the arbor, and immediately odors, at once dainty and delicate, spicy, fruity, and aromatically soothing, diffused themselves about. The four yellow cats stirred, they yawned, and stretched luxuriously; then, suddenly fully awake to the meaning of those savory scents which had disturbed their slumbers, sat upright with eager jewel eyes upon the tray.

"Take the cats away, 'Liza," said Miss Camilla.

Old 'Liza advanced grinning upon the cats, gathered them up, two under each arm, and bore them away, moving out of sight between the box borders like some queer monster, with her wide humping flanks of black bombazine enhanced by four angrily waving yellow cat tails, which gave an effect of grotesque wrath to the retreat.

Lucina looked, in spite of her manners, at the tray when it was on the table before her very face and eyes. It was covered with a napkin of finest damask, whose flower pattern glistened like frost-work, and upon it were ranged little cups and saucers of pink china as thin and transparent as shells, a pink sugar-bowl to match, a small silver teapot under a satin cozy, a silver cream-jug, a plate of delicate bread-and-butter, and one of fruit cake.

"You will have a cup of tea, will you not, dear?" said Aunt Camilla.

"If you please; thank you, ma'am," replied Lucina, striving to look decorously pleased and not too delighted at the prospect of the fruit cake. Tea and bread-and-butter presented small attractions to her, but she did love old 'Liza's fruit cake, made after a famous receipt which had been in the Merritt family for generations.

Miss Camilla removed the cozy and began pouring the tea. Lucina took a napkin, being so bidden, spread it daintily over her lap, and tucked a corner in her neck. The feast was about to commence, when a loud jovial voice was heard in the direction of the house:

"Camilla! Camilla! Lucina, where are you all?"

"That's father," cried Lucina, brightening, and immediately Squire Eben Merritt came striding down between the box ridges, and Jerome Edwards was at his heels.

"Well, how are you, sister?" Squire Eben cried, merrily; and in the same breath, "I have brought another guest to your tea-drinking, sister."

Jerome bobbed his head, half with defiant dignity, half in utter shyness and confusion at the sight of this fine genteel lady and her wonderful tea equipage. But Miss Camilla, having welcomed her brother with gentle warmth, greeted this little poor Jerome with as sweet a courtesy as if he had been the Governor, and bade Lucina run to the house and ask 'Liza to fetch two more cups and saucers and two plates, and motioned both her guests to be seated on the arbor bench.

Squire Eben laughed, and glanced at his great mud-splashed boots, his buckskin, his fishing-tackle, and a fine string of spotted trout which he bore. "A pretty knight for a lady's bower I am!" said he.

"A lady never judges a knight by his outward guise," returned Camilla, with soft pleasantry. She adored her brother.

Eben laughed, deposited his fish and tackle on the bench near the door, and flung himself down opposite them, at a respectful distance from his sister's silken flounces, with a sigh of comfort. "I have had a hard tramp, and would like a cup of your tea," he admitted. "I've been lucky, though. 'Twas a fine day for trout, though I would not have thought it. I will leave you some for your breakfast, sister; have 'Liza fry them brown in Indian meal."

Then, following Miss Camilla's remonstrating glance, he saw little Jerome Edwards standing in the arbor door, through which his entrance was blocked by the squire's great legs and his fishing-tackle, with the air of an insulted ambassador who is half minded to return to his own country.

The squire made room for him to pass with a hearty laugh. "Bless you, my boy!" said he, "I'm barring out the guest I invited myself, am I? Walk in—walk in and sit down."

Jerome, half melted by the squire's genial humor, half disposed still to be stiffly resentful, hesitated with himself a second; but Miss Camilla also, for the second time, invited him to enter, with her gentle ceremony, which was the subtlest flattery he had ever known, inasmuch as it seemed to set him firmly in his own esteem above his poor estate of boyhood; and he entered, and seated himself in the place indicated, at his hostess's right hand, near the little tea table.

Jerome, hungry boy as he was, having the spicy richness of that wonderful fruit cake in his nostrils, noted even before that the lavender scent of Miss Camilla's garments, which seemed, like a subtle fragrance of individuality and life itself, to enter his thoughts rather than his senses. The boy, drawn within this atmosphere of virgin superiority and gentleness, felt all his defiance and antagonism toward his newly discovered pride of life shame him.

The great and just bitterness of wrath against all selfish holders of riches that was beginning to tincture his whole soul was sweetened for the time by the proximity of this sweet woman in her silks and laces and jewels. Not reasoning it out in the least, nor recognizing his own mental attitude, it was to him as if this graceful creature had been so endowed by God with her rich apparel and fair surroundings that she was as much beyond question and envy as a lily of the field. He did not even raise his eyes to her face, but sat at her side, at once elevated and subdued by her gentle politeness and condescension. When Lucina returned, and 'Liza followed with the extra cups and plates, and the tea began, he accepted what was proffered him, and ate and drank with manners as mild and grateful as Lucina's. She could scarcely taste the full savor of her fruit cake, after all, so occupied she was in furtively watching this strange boy. Her blue eyes were big with surprise. Why should he take Aunt Camilla's cake, and even her bread-and-butter, when he would not touch the gingerbread she had offered him, nor the money to buy shoes? This young Lucina had yet to learn that the proud soul accepts from courtesy what it will not take from love or pity.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LIFE AND LETTERS

The welcome which the new edition of Mark Twain's works (there ought to be a word of greater cheerfulness for the sort of things he has done in literature) is proof not only of the willingness of people to have them in some uniform size and shape, but of a vitality in the books themselves which appeals to a new generation of readers, and will appeal to the lovers of imaginative humor after many more generations have grown old. I do not fix the number of these, partly because I doubt the use of that sort of thing; partly because I do not know it; and partly because I care more for the books than for their readers, past, present, or future. I care very much indeed for the books, for they embody, I think, the best of our national humor, considering it as to both quality and quantity, or as Mark Twain himself would prefer to say, taking it by and large. There is enough, and to spare, of American humor, but it has often been the vision of American things through the spectacles of more or less alien scholarship, or culture, or civilization, or whatever we like to call it; but in Mark Twain we have the national spirit as it is seen with our own eyes. In other humorists, it is our life appearing through literature; in him it is literature appearing through our life. Before him even the indigenous humorists had to help themselves out with preposterous caricature and impossible parlance and painful misspelling; but he gave voice to our humor in terms which needed none of these aids, but was the unmistakably recognizable speech of the American race, caught equally from the lips of the people and the columns of their newspapers.

I.

I am glad upon the whole to have his stories come first in the new edition, for I think that they represent him at his most imaginative and best; and if what I have been saying is at all true they more largely represent American character than any other American books. It is well also, I think, that the new circle of his readers should first realize his greatness as an artist in fiction, unswayed by the preoccupations of his older friends with the studies and sketches that came before his romances. He was always constructive and creative, but I believe with Mr. Brander Matthews that he has never been rated at his true worth as a story-teller; and I doubt whether Mr. Clemens himself knows that he is strongest in this sort, or that he will be remembered as the author of Huckleberry Finn, Tom Sawyer, The Prince and the Pauper, and The Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court, after people have begun diffidently to wait for one another to say who wrote The Innocents Abroad, and Roughing It. That will be a very long time yet, and I hope that before it arrives he will have done indefinitely more for my theory of his talent (I have confessed that it is not altogether mine) by writing that great American novel which he could give us. It would not be the novel which its anticipative critics have begun lately to make undesirable again; but it would be a novel of the average American life, such as no one else could write, or is at least so well fitted to write.

In the mean while I am very well content with the four, romances we already have from him; and I am not at all sorry to have them accompanied by his later sketches which are of the same imaginative character. I do not mean here the studies of Life on the Mississippi, which are the direct and graphic records of his own experience as a steamboat pilot, but those other sketches, like that delicious satire, About Magnanimous Incident Literature, or that wonderful allegory, or parable, or apologue, so incomparably vivid, of Some Facts Concerning the Recent Carnival of Crime in Connecticut, which has to do with the ever-tormenting question of conscience. If I were to choose anything of the author's that would upon the whole most nearly represent the peculiar quality of his gift, I should choose this.

I think I should; but perhaps not. Nothing is more characteristic of a great talent (and I believe Mark Twain's one of the greatest) than its refusal to be illustrated by anything short of its whole range. In a certain sort, The Prince and the Pauper, and The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn, are about equally representative of a mind inalienably contemporaneous and of a fancy at home in all times and places. The author is too honest ever to palter with the truth, and in whatever romantic form he dealt with the past he must deal faithfully with it, for the behoof of those who love the truth, or ought to love it, anyway. The Prince and the Pauper is not less coldly real in its historic details than it is wildly fantastic in its inventions. It is a very charming story, it is very touching, it is deeply moving and significant. It was the first direct expression of that profound sympathy with the wronged, the helpless, the down-trodden, which has since often uttered itself in the work of our incomparable humorist and humanist.

I value it for this reason, which is one of the reasons why I value The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn. I was going to say that was a far greater book; but what would have been the use? Those who like The Prince and the Pauper best may do so without molestation from me in their preference. I will only insist upon my own, and try to hint my sense of the *breadth* of the story I prefer. It followed in order of time the history of Tom Sawyer, which approved itself one of the best boys' books ever written by the deep hold it took upon the boy's heart in old and young; and it surpassed that book in the variety if not freshness of its incidents, the novelty to literature of the life it portrayed, and the keenly felt and unerringly presented character. To be sure there is some caricature in it, and of course it does not always respect its convention of the town drunkard's son telling his own story. These are not minor faults; they break the illusion for the time, but in spite of them, the Southwest lives in that book, as it lives nowhere else, with its narrow and rude conditions, its half-savage heroisms, its vague and dim aspirations, its feuds and its fights, its violence, its squalor, its self-devotion, all in the shadow of that horrible cloud of slavery darkening both the souls and the minds of men. There are moments of almost intolerable pathos in the book, and also of a lofty joy, which is not less sublime because of the grotesque forms it takes. One of these is that of Huck Finn's resolution to violate the false conscience slavery has bred in him, and to be true to the slave rather than to his owner, though he goes to hell for it. Perhaps this is one of the places where the author comes too near speaking for his creation; but much might be said in favor of the risk he runs, and for what it achieves it was richly worth taking. After all the end reached in Huck Finn's mind is what an ignorant but generous spirit would have reasoned to, and the humorous implications were simply invaluable.

I like Huck Finn, as I like The Prince and The Pauper, for the reality in it. Both books have their machinery, and I have about the same pleasure in making believe with the author that the town drunkard's son could tell his story, as I have in supposing that the king's son could change places with the beggar's and see England from the beggar's point of view. Both lose in probability through their final possibility, and it is when the author puts his story quite beyond the range of possibility, that he wins for it a measure of probability equal to that which he loses when he demands less of the imagination. For some such reason as this, none of his romances seems to me so great as The Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court.

There are two kinds of fiction that I like almost equally well: a real novel and a pure romance; and I joyfully accept the Connecticut Yankee as one of the greatest romances ever imagined. I believe I shall always like it best of Mark Twain's stories until he writes the real novel which he has given us the right to expect of him. It is a mighty stroke of poetry, an effect of the happiest daring in its conception, worked out with bold and unsparing fidelity. If you suppose that a Yankee of our day from East Hartford magically finds himself in the Britain of Arthur's time, you have the ground of inexhaustible contrasts and of almost invariable triumphs for our century and our civilization; but the author has the true historical sense, and he does not judge the past by the present, or rather he does not condemn it. He condemns the barbarism of the past only as it is continued into the present; and I suppose it is this which made the book such an offence to the English. Their droll anachronism of king, nobles, and commons was mirrored in all its grotesqueness in this fable of Arthur's land; but if it had not been for their fierce rejection of the picture one might have thought that the author had been dealing with a mere spectre, and bearing on altogether too hard in his ridicule of the divine right of monarchy and aristocracy. The outburst against him, however, was sufficient witness that there was still vitality in the superstition; and so much honor for it that a republican must not be suffered to laugh at it. In fact the story might seem to rebuke the inequality and iniquity of our own status, too; and if it is ever to become a manual of democracy in our schools, as some have hoped, the text must be carefully guarded with notes explaining that our system, with its privileges, its monopolies, and its injunctions, is of quite another nature from that of Britain in either the sixth or the nineteenth century. What it can safely do for young readers, whose hands it may fall into, is to teach them a just abhorrence of the ugliness and foulness of the past, which was beautiful and glorious only in the instincts of humanity, feeble and perverted and baffled as they mostly were, but still essentially the same in all ages.

He makes you sensible of this in the tender compassion which seems to me the key-note of The Prince and the Pauper, and in the pathetic mystery which he has even deepened upon the memory of Joan of Arc. Probably he did not do all that he hoped to do in that book for the ideal of self-devotion that was in his mind; and I could myself have preferred that he should have clothed his witness of her life in some such modern guise as that of his Connecticut Yankee instead of his Sieur le Conte, though I know that this would have been striking the same note twice. As it is, though Sieur le Conte is often lapsing out of mediæval France and dropping down among us in latter-day America, the romance has that double charm of historic truth and inventive power which makes all the author's studies of the past so living. It presents us an image of the peasant girl of Domremy which many will rather venerate than the saint recognized in her tardy canonization.

II.

I must not give too serious a cast to the recognition of our great humorist on the side which I am sometimes vexed that people neither see nor care to see. That is something which will no doubt duly impress them in time, and I may very well leave it. But when I came to look over this new edition of his books and to feel him so personally present in them, I could not help wishing others to value him for qualities besides his humor. I could not help hoping that they would note how there is no word of all his writing that flatters or even suffers wrong. There are many words of his that I should like to blot, because they grate upon my nerves, or offend my taste, but there is nothing that I could desire unsaid because it is untrue or ungenerous. In fine, what I am trying to make appear is that this humorist of ours is at heart a poet; and if such a notion of him taxes too heavily the generation that stands nearest him, I turn confidently to that which will in a way know him better. I like to think that there is already some proof of this in the acceptance of these works of his imagination by a new generation of readers. Not that I think less of his other books than they deserve; for I value them most profoundly. Above anything in our literature, they embody and express a national mood that I would not have forgotten: the high, hopeful, jubilant mood of our expansion after the great civil war, when we thought we had done it all and had only to rest forever, and take our ease, and our fill of laughter. Never again shall any people know such a mood, till the peoples do justice; but it was ours once, and it is recorded in Mark Twain's earlier books as nowhere else. They will always have an immense historical value, but they will become old much sooner than his stories, which indeed will not become old at all, any more than Don Quixote, or Robinson Crusoe, or the Pilgrim's Progress, or the Arabian Nights. It will not be such a great while before the parlance, the whole attitude in the Innocents Abroad, and in Roughing It, will begin to have the relish of the grotesque merely. We shall then wonder if the color which the author took from his time and imparted to it, was really the complexion of life; but with the stories it will not be so. Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn are enduring types of universal boyhood; their lifelikeness substantiates the truth of their local conditions already past. The historical group of romances, so fantastically conceived, are essentially real, and you trust their report of the past because you cannot question their truth to human nature. In these we see what the author calls the white Indians of Arthur's time, the barbarians of the later Plantagenets' reigns, and the bigots and blackguards of mediæval France, with the modern light upon them. The powerful lens does not caricature or belie them because it reports their ugliness, and it will not bring them under condemnation with any reader who shares the author's historical sense. He makes you feel at all times that the past was what had then to be, and that it is abhorrent only in the survival to our own time of its ideals and errors. The spirit of his books is thoroughly scientific. He perceives that the first impulse of the man of the past was to believe, and then to act upon his belief; and that the first impulse of the modern man is to doubt, and then to reason upon his doubt. The difference is that which has mainly led humanity to wash up, and so largely to leave off rapine and murder; but the evolution is not yet complete, and the effect of these romances, their indirect and important effect, is to make the reader realize this fact.

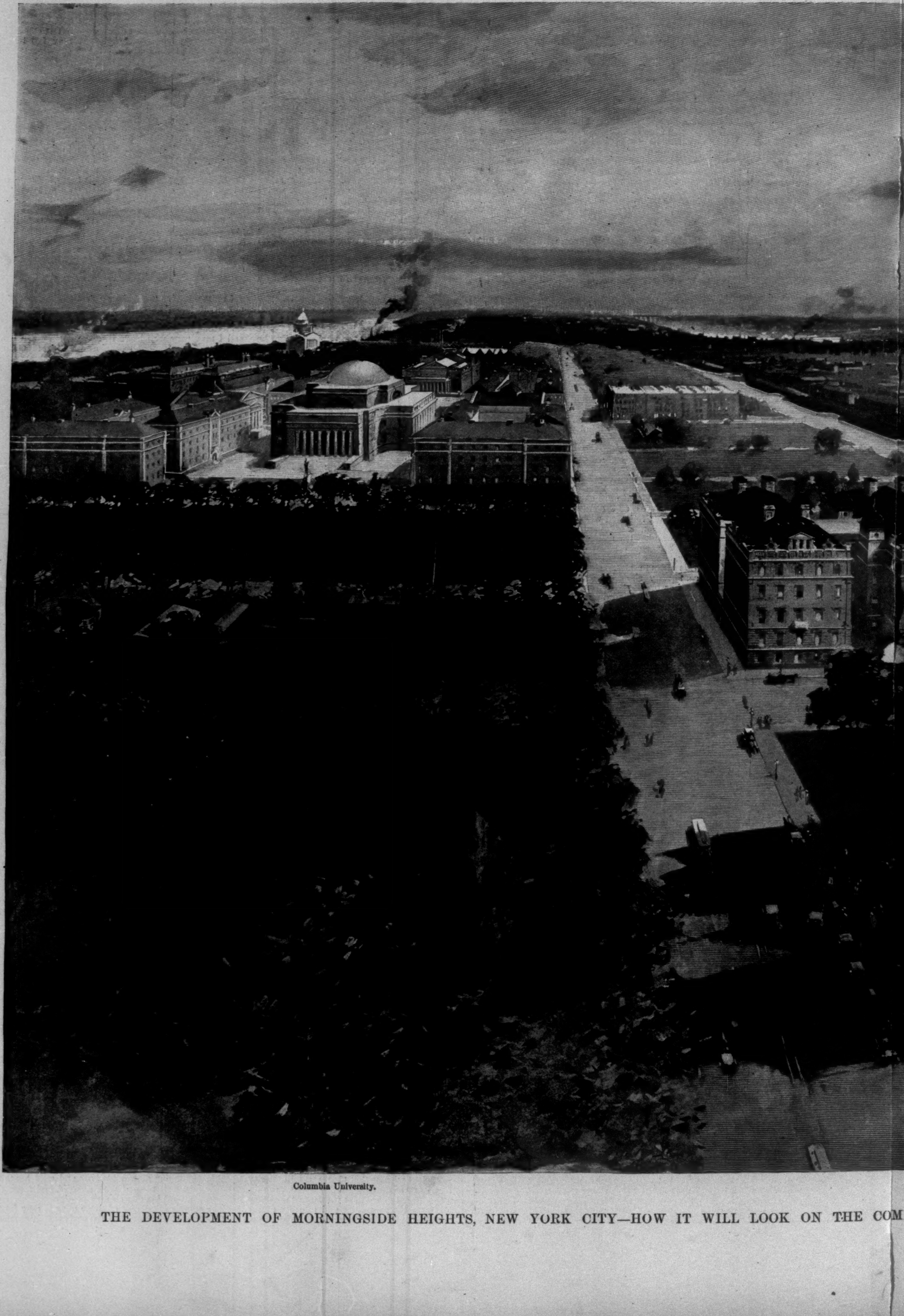
W. D. Howells.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT.

Some twenty-five years ago, as a rule between ten and eleven o'clock in the evening, there used to enter the House of Commons a gentleman with buoyant, swinging stride, and the after-glow of dinner on his ruddy face. He waves his crush hat genially at his acquaintances, and disposes of his gigantic frame somewhere behind the Liberal front bench. He asks his neighbor the subject under discussion. It may be some intricate matter which the House has been wearily debating for four or five hours, with an honest desire to arrive at a definite conclusion. That in no way disconcerts the honorable gentleman. With fathomless serenity of mind he rises to settle the matter off-hand in a few cheery remarks. His smile is so genuine, his indifference to whatever may have gone before so entirely unforced, that his listeners, after the first feeling of exquisite exasperation, are compelled to hear him out. A breezy speech, a few arguments of trenchant ignorance, some unmistakable jokes, a knock-down personality or two, and the performance is over. The honorable gentleman makes his bow and goes home to bed, thoroughly well pleased with himself, and quite reckless as to the effects his speech may produce.

The sportive audacity of those days is now long dead, and the Vernon Harcourt of the early seventies sobered by

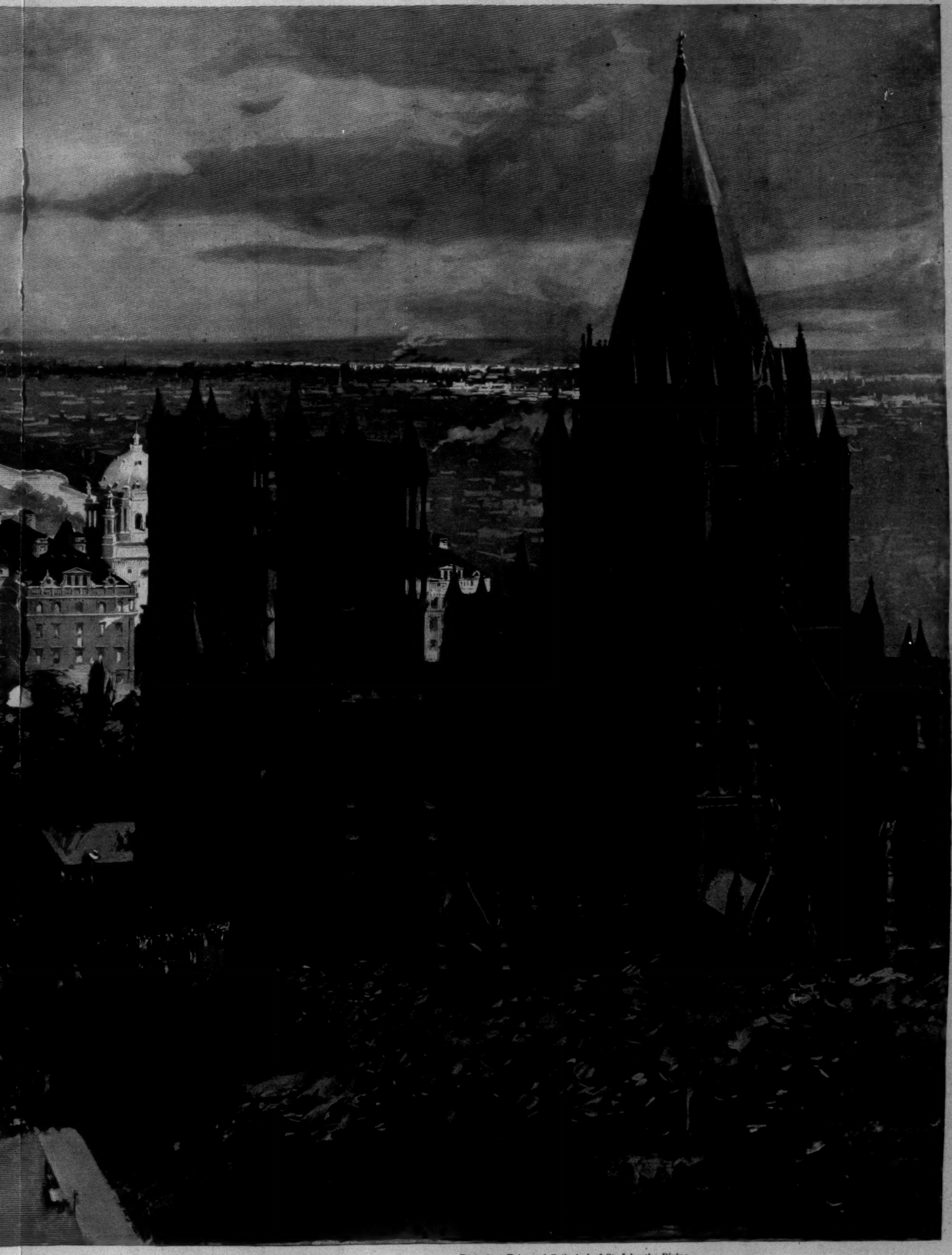
Barnard College. Grant's Tomb. Teachers' College. St. Luke's



Columbia University.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF MORNINGSIDE HEIGHTS, NEW YORK CITY—HOW IT WILL LOOK ON THE COM

Luke's Hospital.



Protestant Episcopal Cathedral of St. John the Divine.

COMPLETION OF THE BUILDINGS NOW IN COURSE OF ERECTION.—Drawn by G. W. Peters.—[See Page 162.]

officialdom into the Sir William Harcourt of to-day. It must be twenty years since any one referred to Sir William as "the honorable and learned member." People have forgotten that he began life as a lawyer. Yet at one time there seemed a prospect of his making a great name, as well as a great fortune, at the Parliamentary bar. He even used to be pointed to as a possible Lord Chancellor. He was called to the bar in 1854, in his twenty-seventh year, became a Q. C. in 1866, and three years later was appointed Professor of International Law at Cambridge. He wrote a famous series of letters to the *Times* on the civil war, under the pseudonym of "Historicus." His knowledge of technical law is said never to have been very profound, but he had the advantage of being absolutely certain about everything, and when he entered Parliament he turned his back on an excellent practice.

When Harcourt entered Parliament, in 1868, he joined the Gladstonian party. In those wild days he posed as a rather superior sort of person, the pink of epigrammatic culture, who could hardly be expected to pay much attention to vulgar party ties. It was too much to ask of a man with Plantagenet blood in his veins that he should always be walking with the rest of the party sheep. Casting about for some noble cause to live and struggle for, he found it, naturally enough, in himself. His devotion to Liberalism soon became a slender thing compared with his magnificent belief in Vernon Harcourt. He fought openly and cynically for that gentleman's interests, and the fight was always one worth watching. He soon, as he was bound to do, made himself known as a formidable champion in debate. Harcourt is precisely the sort of man the House likes to listen to. He represents to the full the average head and heart of the House of Commons—a House devoid of high ambition, intolerant of eccentricity, impatient of having its feelings long strained in any one direction, and hostile to anything that draws heavily on its energy or intelligence. He is an effective, boisterous, rushing, rather overbearing speaker, with a special gift for the kind of elementary argument and obvious personalities that even a country squire can understand. He is possessed of a goodly presence, a grave aspect, a loud, resonant voice. It was probably these qualifications that first suggested to him the notion that he would make an admirable speaker. When to such natural advantages are added a double eye-glass, a measured delivery, and a solemn I-come-to-bury-Cæsar style, the effect is in the highest degree impressive. He never, I suppose, had an original idea in his life, but he knows how to make the most of those that are current in the world. Mr. Gladstone would never admit that two and two make four, but he would grant you, as a basis for argument, that they do not make five. Nobody can give the correct answer with an air of more absolute conviction than Harcourt. His arguments are of the simplest character; even his quotations fall on the ear with a familiar and friendly sound; his whole case is got up in plain black and white. There is nothing in him to confuse or puzzle or distract. Men who could not understand Disraeli's antithesis, and were frightened by Gladstone's earnestness, found as much relief in Harcourt's unmistakable plainness as a schoolboy finds in a game of football after a sermon.

In a rough-and-tumble debate few men are his match; few men can stand against him when he is hitting his hardest and return him blow for blow undismayed. When he assails an opponent he falls upon him with all his force. On a platform, before an applauding audience, there is hardly a speaker in England who can be compared with him for vehemence and effectiveness. To listen to Harcourt denouncing the iniquities of his opponents is to hear John Bull at his best. No one can be more noisily indignant, more obstreperously virtuous, more loudly humorous. In his dirgelike moments he is even more comical. He is like a newspaper that announces deaths and marriages in one and the same column. His more familiar manner is marked by the boisterousness of the happy bridegroom. But at times he laments at large; his arms hang listless, his massive shoulders are bowed, his head droops. Even to this day they talk of a speech he delivered so far back as 1882 on a bill for the prevention of crime in Ireland. It was supposed that when working up material for the speech he had accidentally consulted a book on surgery. The happy thought struck him of representing Erin as having on her graceful figure a wen or wart or carbuncle. He referred to the defect as "an excrescence." This was to be "cut out." For twenty minutes, in the most solemn tone and with an air of profoundest depression, Harcourt discussed the different treatments that medical science could apply to the malady. At the end only a few doctors, some army men who were used to bloodshed, and Mr. Gladstone were left. The House always derives keen enjoyment from Harcourt's fits of eloquent gloom, but it is an enjoyment in which Harcourt has no share. He is most pleased with himself when he attempts to recall, for the delight of a younger generation, the oratorical methods of Disraeli. He never quite succeeds, but many of his impromptu epigrams are good, and show signs of careful study. Some of his phrases have passed into common language. It was he who invented the title of "the Grand Old Man." Mr. Alfred Austin has good cause to remember the weight of his hand. "All sane people," said Harcourt, in the House of Commons—"I am not now referring to music-halls and poet-laureates—agree in deprecating Dr. Jameson's raid." In his heavy-comedy moments he reminds one of the elephant in "Paradise Lost" that "wreathed his lithe proboscis" to make mirth for Adam and Eve. Yet Harcourt is not the mere *farceur* that Mr. Labouchere, for instance, is. Like the elephant, he never loses his dignity. In all his grotesque caperings his self-respect remains intact.

It was in 1873 that Mr. Gladstone appointed Harcourt Solicitor-General, and gave him the customary knighthood. Like most stalwart free lances, he found his importance considerably lessened for the time by acceptance of office. Sir William Harcourt tied down to the Treasury Bench was by no means so formidable as Mr. Vernon Harcourt, the irrepressible, reckless swashbuckler of debate. But he showed in the following year, after the fall of the Gladstone government, that he still meant to score off his own bat. When the Public Worship bill was under discussion, Harcourt suddenly rushed to its defence with incredible ardor, attacked Mr. Gladstone savagely, and called upon Disraeli to "defend the credit and dignity of the House against the ill-advised railing of a rash and rancorous tongue." Mr. Gladstone in his speech had quoted from the canonist Van Espen. Sir William poured scorn on these citations, was proud to say he had never heard of Van Espen, pooh-poohed all canonists and casuists, adopted Mr. Bright's famous phrase about ecclesiastical rubbish, and took the broad and manly ground of "common-sense, common law, and the Constitution." Then he went away for five days to learn something about the subject. He got up the case admirably, and returned to meet Mr. Gladstone on his own ground. He argued the question of canon law. He cited Ayliffe's *Parergon Juris Canonici Anglicani* and Burn's *Ecclesiastical Law*, and had the honor of being gravely complimented by Mr. Gladstone on his "rapid and cleverly acquired erudition." Sir William, of course, did not care twopence about the Public Worship bill, which was, indeed, an idiotic measure, hastily framed to quell an idiotic clamor. It looked well for a man of his importance to break away from his party occasionally, especially when there was no chance of the rupture being regarded as final. He forgave Mr. Gladstone's sarcasms and soon returned to the fold, nobly over-conscious of having vindicated his vigorous independence.

He even carried his forgiveness so far as to consent to support Mr. Gladstone's Bulgarian policy, though he took every opportunity of sneering at his leader's excess of enthusiasm. But this did not prevent him from joining Mr. Gladstone's government of 1880, in which he figured as a capable and inoffensive Home Secretary. Even more touching in its generous amiability was his attitude on home rule. In 1885 he delivered one of the most tremendous indictments ever conceived on the Irish Nationalist policy. Two months later he was in alliance with the Parnellites and busily drafting a home-rule bill. This rare nobility of temper was grievously misunderstood. People actually went about suggesting that had not Mr. Chamberlain seceded, and thus left the path of advancement clear before him, Harcourt, too, might have abandoned his party. The mere fact that if he became a home-ruler the highest offices were assured to him was an altogether accidental circumstance that could have no weight with Sir William's disinterested probity.

And yet somehow people will keep on doubting Harcourt's sincerity. He is not exactly called a trimmer, but he is everywhere quietly accused of want of conviction. His position in the House is a strong one, but due simply to a technical knowledge of procedure and a brilliant talent for the small manœuvres and skirmishes that take up most of the time of Parliament. He carries very little weight in the country. There was sympathy for him when Lord Rosebery was appointed Premier over his head, but at the same time it was tacitly acknowledged that he was unfit for the highest post. It would perhaps be a little too much to say that Gladstone believes in everything, and Harcourt in nothing. But Harcourt certainly possesses all the qualities that Mr. Gladstone taught his party to disregard. He is almost devoid of enthusiasm.

Mr. Labouchere used to say that Harcourt was admirably fitted for the party leadership because there was no nonsense in him. By "nonsense" he probably meant "emotionalism," and there he was right. Harcourt's feet are solidly planted on this earth. He is not the stuff of which martyrs are made. He may, of course, have a burning zeal for Liberal principles somewhere, but not even his most intimate friends could say exactly where. The party of all the enthusiasms is led by a man with none. There is, too, a curious irony in the mere notion of such a man growing warm over the drink question. Harcourt and the Local Veto bill! One cannot help smiling. It is something like a professed cynic marrying a widow with three children. A man with a temperament like his, without strong beliefs of any kind, cannot in the long run make a successful party leader. Even the interests of the Empire, which every day are taking up more and more of the popular attention, do not stir Harcourt. He is content to potter about with insignificant questions of domestic reform and to live and die a little Englander. That his services to the Liberal party have been of the utmost value is true enough. Any party would be glad to rely on his swinging oratory and skill as a Parliamentary tactician. His handling of a disorganized opposition last session was as fine in its way as anything accomplished by Parnell, Randolph Churchill, or Disraeli. His budget of 1894, equalizing the death duties on real and personal property, was a really great piece of legislation. It began a new chapter in England's financial history. But to be the leader of the Liberal party, to take the place of Russell, Palmerston, and Gladstone, you must have a lofty and commanding nature and the confidence of the people. Sir William Harcourt has neither. Lord Rosebery has both.

PICAROON.

THE STREET-RAILWAY TRACKS AND THE PAVEMENTS IN NEW YORK.

BY GEORGE E. WARING, JUN., COMMISSIONER OF STREET-CLEANING.

THE greatest difficulty with which the Department of Street-Cleaning has to contend is that which is caused by the horrible condition of the railway tracks in their relation to the pavement adjoining them. It is this consideration which first attracted my attention to the subject, but all who drive, or ride the bicycle, in the city streets, must have had their attention called to the subject by their own unpleasant experiences.

This subject had forced itself on my attention in a general way, but had been tacitly accepted as inevitable. It was perhaps said very properly that the railway companies had laid their tracks according to some sort of agreement with the city, and that they could not be required to go to the expense of relaying them. It was not until I drove in Vienna that the full enormity of the situation in New York occurred to me. The railway track there is substantially the same as that in use in a portion of First Avenue, recently laid under the direction of General Collis. This is shown in Fig. 1. The rail is equally high on both sides of the flange groove. This groove is not such as to catch a wheel. The rail is laid at the exact level of the pavement, so that one can drive across it at any angle without noticing it. There is no depression on either side of the rail to hold street dirt or to make sweeping difficult. In Vienna and in other European towns rails of this character are kept clean by the railway companies. I saw two men, each with a suitable scraper-scoop, running along these grooves at an ordinary walking gait. A wheelbarrow, driven by another man between them, received the contents of their scoops. At the rate at which they were working, they were cleaning at least

FIG. 1.

two and a half miles an hour. This seems to me to be as near an approach to civilization in the matter of car track and street pavement as we are likely to get, and it is near enough.

Now let us consider what we have to contend with. Fig. 2 shows the cross-section of pavement and rail opposite 15 Montgomery Street.

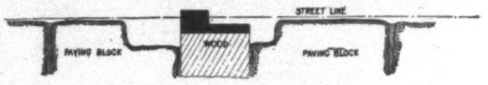


FIG. 2.

There is a pocket for street dirt on both sides of the rail, and a serious obstruction to wagon traffic and wheeling is caused by the unyielding angular ridge of iron, standing higher than the street-line, and much higher than the depression worn by traffic on both sides of the rail. When water accumulates in these depressions, there being generally a little play between the iron rail and the wood to which it is spiked, every time the rail is struck by a vehicle or depressed by the car-wheel there is apt to be a squirting of black juice over the clothing of the unfortunates who have not learned to keep a sharp eye out when they encounter such a condition.

Fig. 3, opposite 222 West Fourteenth Street, is different, but not better. The car track seems here to have retired modestly to the bottom of its hole, but the power for mischief and discomfort is quite as great as in the other case.

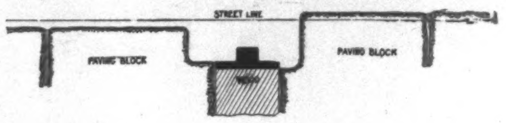


FIG. 3.

Even worse is the condition shown in Fig. 4, opposite 312 Canal Street. The drop from the top of the pavement to the bottom of the pocket in this case is eight inches.

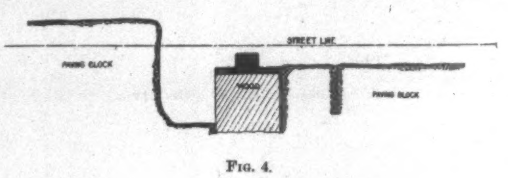


FIG. 4.

This cavern has been worked out by heavy trucks, and is so conspicuous that it is avoided by lighter vehicles, as the edge of a precipice would be, and in so far is less annoying to those who care what kind of street it is over which they drive. But imagine what a problem it offers to the poor "White Angel" whose office it is to keep this canyon clean!

Opposite 423 Canal Street we have the pleasing combination shown in Fig. 5.

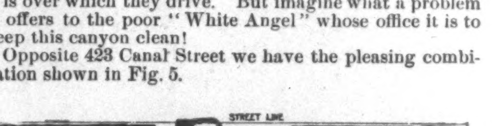


FIG. 5.

Fig. 6, opposite 160 West Fourteenth Street, shows another similar combination.

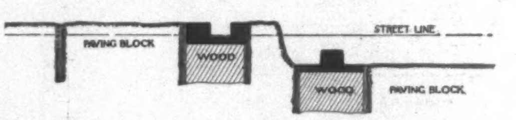


FIG. 6.

And these are fully matched at 23 Centre Street, Fig. 7, within a stone's-throw of the City Hall.

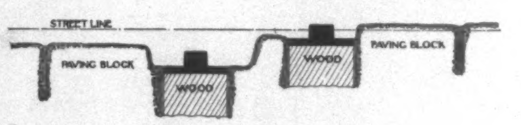


FIG. 7.

Opposite 19 West Houston Street, Fig. 8, the difficulty is different, but not less. The narrow slot between the

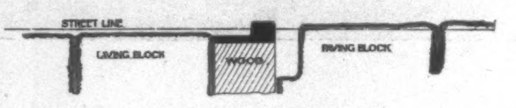


FIG. 8.

paving-stone and the rail is too narrow for a sweeper's broom, and it is narrow enough to grip a buggy-wheel with fatal effect.

Fig. 9 shows the condition of the Third Avenue track at

FIG. 9.

Twenty-ninth Street. Comment is unnecessary. In the language of the poet, "it beggars description."

The chasm opposite 488 Third Avenue, Fig. 10, is "not so wide.... but it is enough."

FIG. 10.

These illustrations are selected from a large number that have been measured and platted, with a view to calling the attention of the different railway companies and of the Department of Public Works to the subject. Others would be given did space suffice, but surely these are enough to elicit the attention of the public; and the parallel of the conditions shown may be observed in all parts of the city where old tracks are in use.

It is not worth while here to go into the theory as to the manner in which these excavations have been caused by these tracks. It is all clearly explainable and easily understood. The important fact is that the conditions exist, and that the city cannot afford to allow them to continue. Consider the great strain put upon all vehicles coming in contact with such holes and humps as are shown; the serious straining and permanent injury of horses, due to the sudden dropping of a wheel into one of these pits and the breaking of harness. And then consider what a saving it would be to the people, in the matter of dollars and cents, if all of these defective conditions were obliterated, and all rail and adjoining pavement were brought into the condition shown in Fig. 1. Consider, too—and this is a more serious matter than would at first appear—the amount of profanity and bad temper that the universal dissemination of similar conditions is fostering and developing throughout the whole driving section of the population. These are important considerations, and are of themselves enough to warrant the cost of a radical reform; but it is not chiefly these that move me to make an appeal to public sentiment to exert itself in the matter. The reporters, with their invariable certainty of error, have quoted me on several occasions as saying that if the proper relation between car track and pavement could be established, the $1,200,000 now spent for sweeping might be reduced to $700,000. Of course I never said anything of the kind. What I did say was that if we could secure this condition, and, in addition thereto, could have all of the streets of suitable grade paved with asphalt, then we could save this $500,000 a year. The saving from the mere improvement of car-track conditions would be much greater than would be supposed by those who have not watched the efforts and the various devices of the sweepers to get their accumulated dirt across one of these tracks, or to clear out the cavities formed beside them.

The subject need not be enlarged upon. It speaks for itself, and I say no more about it, for fear of occupying space that ought to be devoted to the illustrations, further than to make the remark that if the railroad companies cannot be made to remedy the difficulty themselves—and perhaps they cannot be—the city could well afford, with a view to the saving that would result in the matter of street-sweeping alone, to make these changes at its own expense. Many of the horse roads are about to be changed to power roads. In all such cases new tracks must be laid, and it is within the power of the Department of Public Works to control both track and pavement, as has been done in First Avenue. These roads being eliminated, the cost of correcting those that may remain will be relatively unimportant. Their correction is imperative.

THE PURSUIT OF THE HOUSE-BOAT.

Being some Further Account of the Doings of the Associated Shades, under the Leadership of Sherlock Holmes, Esq.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS,

AUTHOR OF "A HOUSE-BOAT ON THE STYX," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL.

II.—THE STRANGER UNRAVELS A MYSTERY AND REVEALS HIMSELF.

"I HAVE made a hobby of the study of cigar ends," said the stranger, as the Associated Shades settled back to hear his account of himself. "From my earliest youth, when I used surreptitiously to remove the unsmoked ends of my father's cigars and break them up, and, in hiding, smoke them in an old clay pipe which I had presented to me by an ancient sea-captain of my acquaintance, I have been interested in tobacco in all forms, even including these selfsame despised unsmoked ends; for they convey to my mind messages, sentiments, farces, comedies, and tragedies which to your minds would never become manifest through their agency."

The company drew closer together and formed themselves in a more compact mass about the speaker. It was evident that they were beginning to feel an unusual interest in this extraordinary person, who had come among them unheralded and unknown. Even Shylock stopped calculating percentages for an instant to listen.

"Do you mean to tell us," demanded Shakespeare, "that the unsmoked stub of a cigar will suggest the story of him who smoked it to your mind?"

"I do," replied the stranger, with a confident smile. "Take this one, for instance, that I have picked up here upon the wharf; it tells me the whole story of the intentions of Captain Kidd at the moment when, in utter disregard of your rights, he stepped aboard your House-boat, and, in his usual piratical fashion, made off with it into unknown seas."

"But how do you know he smoked it?" asked Solomon, who deemed it the part of wisdom to be suspicious of the stranger.

"There are two curious indentations in it which prove that. The marks of two teeth, with a hiatus between, which you will see if you look closely," said the stranger, handing the small bit of tobacco to Sir Walter, "make that point evident beyond peradventure. The Captain lost an eye-tooth in one of his later raids; it was knocked out by a marline-spike which had been hurled at him by one of the crew of the treasure-ship he and his followers had attacked. The adjacent teeth were broken, but not removed. The cigar end bears the marks of those two jagged molars, with the hiatus, which, as I have indicated, is due to the destruction of the eye-tooth between them. It is not likely that there was another man in the pirate's crew with teeth exactly like the commander's, therefore I say there can be no doubt that the cigar end was that of the Captain himself."

"Very interesting indeed," observed Blackstone, removing his wig and fanning himself with it; "but I must confess, Mr. Chairman, that in any properly constituted law court this evidence would long since have been ruled out as irrelevant and absurd. The idea of two or three hundred dignified spirits like ourselves, gathered together to devise a means for the recovery of our property and the rescue of our wives, yielding the floor to the delivering of a lecture by an entire stranger on 'Cigar Ends He Has Met,' strikes me as ridiculous in the extreme. Of what earthly interest is it to us to know that this or that cigar was smoked by Captain Kidd?"

"Merely that it will help us on, your honor, to discover the whereabouts of the said Kidd," interposed the stranger. "It is by trifles, seeming trifles, that the greatest detective work is done. My friends Le Coq, Hawkshaw, and Old Sleuth will bear me out in this, I think, however much in other respects our methods may have differed. They left no stone unturned in the pursuit of a criminal; no detail, however trifling, uncared for. No more should we in the present instance overlook the minutest bit of evidence, however irrelevant and absurd at first blush it may appear to be. The truth of what I say was very effectually proven in the strange case of the Brokedale tiara, in which I figured somewhat conspicuously, but which I have never made public, because it involves a secret affecting the integrity of one of the noblest families in the British Empire. I really believe that mystery was solved easily and at once because I happened to remember that the number of my watch was 86507B. How trivial a thing, and yet how important it was, as the event transpired, you will realize when I tell you the incident."

The stranger's manner was so impressive that there was a unanimous and simultaneous movement upon the part of all present to get up closer, so as the more readily to hear what he said, as a result of which poor old Boswell was pushed overboard, and fell with a loud splash into the Styx. Fortunately, however, one of Charon's pleasure-boats was close at hand, and in a short while the dripping, spluttering spirit was drawn into it, wrung out, and sent home to dry. The excitement attending this diversion having subsided, Solomon asked,

"What was the incident of the lost tiara?"

"I am about to tell you," returned the stranger; "and it must be understood that you are told in the strictest confidence, for, as I say, the incident involves a state secret of great magnitude. In life—in the mortal life—gentlemen, I was a detective by profession, and, if I do say it, who perhaps should not, I was one of the most interesting for purely literary purposes that has ever been known. I did not find it necessary to go about saying 'Ha! ha!' as M. Le Coq was accustomed to do to advertise his cleverness; neither did I disguise myself as a drum-major and hide under a kitchen table for the purpose of solving a mystery involving the abduction of a parlor stove, after the manner of the talented Hawkshaw. By mental concentration alone, without fireworks or orchestral accompaniment of any sort whatsoever, did I go about my business, and for that very reason many of my fellow-sleuths were forced to go out of real detective work into that line of the business with which the stage has familiarized the most of us—a line in which nothing but stupidity, luck, and a yellow wig is required of him who pursues it."

"This man is an impostor," whispered Le Coq to Hawkshaw.

"POOR OLD BOSWELL WAS PUSHED OVERBOARD, AND FELL WITH A LOUD SPLASH INTO THE STYX."

"I've known that all along by the mole on his left wrist," returned Hawkshaw, contemptuously.

"I suspected it the minute I saw he was not disguised," returned Le Coq, knowingly. "I have observed that the greatest villains latterly have discarded disguises, as being too easily penetrated, and therefore of no avail, and merely a useless expense."

"Silence!" cried Confucius, impatiently. "How can the gentleman proceed, with all this conversation going on in the rear?"

Hawkshaw and Le Coq immediately subsided, and the stranger went on.

"It was in this way that I treated the strange case of the lost tiara," resumed the stranger. "Mental concentration upon seemingly insignificant details alone enabled me to bring about the desired results in that instance. A brief outline of the case is as follows. It was late one evening in the early spring of 1894. The London season was at its height. Dances, fêtes of all kinds, opera, and the theatres were in full blast, when all of a sudden society was paralyzed by a most audacious robbery. A diamond tiara valued at £50,000 sterling had been stolen from the Duchess of Brokedale, and under circumstances which threw society itself and every individual in it under suspicion—even his Royal Highness the Prince himself, for he had danced frequently with the Duchess, and was known to be a great admirer of her tiara. It was at half past eleven o'clock at night that the news of the robbery first came to my ears. I had been spending the evening alone in my library making notes for a second volume of my memoirs, and feeling somewhat depressed, I was on the point of going out for my usual midnight walk on Hampstead Heath, when one of my servants, hastily entering, informed me of the robbery. I changed my mind in respect to my midnight walk immediately upon receipt of the news, for I knew that before one o'clock some one would call upon me at my lodgings with reference to this robbery. It could not be otherwise. Any mystery of such magnitude could no more be taken to another bureau than elephants could fly—"

"They used to," said Adam. "I once had a whole aviary full of winged elephants. They flew from flower to flower, and thrusting their probabilities deep into—"

"Their what?" queried Johnson, with a frown.

"Probabilities—isn't that the word? Their trunks," said Adam.

"Probosces, I imagine you mean," suggested Johnson.

"Yes—that was it. Their probosces," said Adam. "They were great honey-gatherers, those elephants—far better than the bees, because they could make so much more of it in a given time."

Munchausen shook his head sadly. "I'm afraid I'm outclassed by these antediluvians," he said.

"Gentlemen! gentlemen!" cried Sir Walter. "These interruptions are inexcusable!"

"That's what I think," said the stranger, with some asperity. "I'm having about as hard a time getting this story out as I would if it were a serial. Of course, if you gentlemen do not wish to hear it, I can stop; but it must be understood that when I do stop I stop finally, once and for all, because the tale has not a sufficiency of dramatic climaxes to warrant its prolongation over twelve months."

"Go on! go on!" cried some one.

"Shut up!" cried others—addressing the interrupting members, of course.

"As I was saying," resumed the stranger, "I felt confident that within an hour, in some way or other, that case would be placed in my hands. It would be mine either positively or negatively—that is to say, either the person robbed would employ me to ferret out the mystery and recover the diamonds, or the robber himself, actuated by motives of self-preservation, would endeavor to direct my energies into other channels until he should have the time to dispose of his ill-gotten booty. A mental discussion of the probabilities inclined me to believe that the latter would be the case. I reasoned in this fashion: The person robbed is of exalted rank. She cannot move rapidly because she is so. Great bodies move slowly. It is probable that it will be a week before, according to the etiquette by which she is hedged about, she can communicate with me. In the first place, she must inform one of her attendants that she has been robbed. He must communicate the news to the functionary in charge of her residence, who will communicate with the Home Secretary, and from him will issue the orders to the police, who, baffled at every step, will finally address themselves to me. 'I'll give that side two weeks,' I said. On the other hand, the robber: will he allow himself to be lulled into a sense of false security by counting on this delay, or will he not, noting my habit of occasionally entering upon detective enterprises of this nature of my own volition, come to me at once and set me to work ferreting out some crime that has never been committed? My feeling was that this would happen, and I pulled out my watch to see if it were not nearly time for him to arrive. The robbery had taken place at a state ball at the Buckingham Palace. 'H'm!' I mused. 'He has had an hour and forty minutes to get here. It is now twelve twenty. He should be here by twelve forty-five. I will wait.' And hastily swallowing a cocaine tablet to nerve myself up for the meeting, I sat down and began to read my Schopenhauer. Hardly had I perused a page when there came a tap upon my door. I rose with a start, for I thought I knew what was to happen, opened the door, and there stood, much to my surprise, the husband of the lady whose tiara was missing. It was the Duke of Brokedale himself. It is true he was disguised. His beard was powdered until it looked like snow, and he wore a wig and a pair of green goggles; but I recognized him at once by his lack of manners, which is an unmistakable sign of nobility. As I opened the door, he began.

"'You are Mr.—'

"'I am,' I replied. 'Come in. You have come to see me about your stolen watch. It is a gold hunting-case watch with a Swiss movement; loses five minutes a day; stem-winder; and the back cover, which does not bear any inscription, has upon it the indentations made by the molars of your son Willie when that interesting youth was cutting his teeth upon it.'"

"Wonderful!" cried Johnson.

"May I ask how you knew all that?" asked Solomon, deeply impressed. "Such penetration strikes me as marvellous."

"I didn't know it," replied the stranger, with a smile. "What I said was intended to be jocular, and to put Brokedale at his ease. I merely rattled on. I simply did not wish to offend the gentleman by letting him know that I had penetrated his disguise. Imagine my surprise, however, when his eye brightened as I spoke, and he entered my room with such alacrity that half the powder which he thought disguised his beard was shaken off on to the floor, and sitting down in the chair I had just vacated, quietly remarked:

"'You are a wonderful man, sir. How did you know that I had lost my watch?'

"For a moment I was nonplussed; more than that, I was completely staggered. I had expected him to say at once that he had not lost his watch, but had come to see me about the tiara; and to have him take my words seriously was entirely unexpected and overwhelmingly surprising. However, in view of his rank, I deemed it well to fall in with his humor. 'Oh, as for that,' I replied, 'that is a part of my business. It is the detective's place to know everything; and generally, if he reveals the machinery by means of which he reaches his conclusions, he is a fool, since his method is his secret, and his secret his stock in trade. I do not mind telling you, however, that I knew your watch was stolen by your anxious glance at my clock, which showed that you wished to know the time. Now most rich Americans have watches for that purpose, and have no hesitation about showing them. If you'd had a watch, you'd have looked at it, not at my clock.'

"My visitor laughed, and repeated what he had said about my being a wonderful man.

"'And the dents which my son made cutting his teeth?' he added.

"'Invariably go with an American's watch. Rubber or ivory rings aren't good enough for American babies to chew on,' said I. 'They must have gold watches or nothing.'

"'And finally, how did you know I was a rich American?' he asked.

"'Because no other can afford to stop at hotels like the Savoy in the height of the season,' I replied, thinking that the jest would end there, and that he would now reveal his identity and speak of the tiara. To my surprise, however, he did nothing of the sort.

"'You have an almost supernatural gift,' he said. 'My name is Bunker. I *am* stopping at the Savoy. I *am* an American. I *was* rich when I arrived here, but I'm not quite so bloated with wealth as I was, now that I have paid my first week's bill. I *have* lost my watch; such a watch, too, as you describe, even to the dents. Your only mistake was that the dents were made by my son John, and not Willie; but even there I cannot but wonder at you, for John and Willie are twins, and so much alike that it sometimes baffles even their mother to tell them apart. The watch has no very great value intrinsically, but the associations are such that I want it back, and I will pay £200 for its recovery. I have no clew as to who took it. It was numbered—'

"Here a happy thought struck me. In all my description of the watch I had merely described my own, a very cheap affair which I had won at a raffle. My visitor was deceiving me, though for what purpose I did not on the instant divine. No one would like to suspect him of having purloined his wife's tiara. Why should I not deceive him, and at the same time get rid of my poor chronometer for a sum that exceeded its value a hundredfold?"

"Good business!" cried Shylock.

The stranger smiled and bowed.

"Excellent," he said. "I took the words right out of his mouth. 'It was numbered 86507B!' I cried, giving, of course, the number of my own watch.

"He gazed at me narrowly for a moment, and then he smiled. 'You grow more marvellous at every step. That was indeed the number. Are you a demon?'

"'No,' I replied. 'Only something of a mind-reader.'

"Well, to be brief, the bargain was struck. I was to look for a watch that I knew he hadn't lost, and was to receive £200 if I found it. It seemed to him to be a very good bargain, as, indeed, it was, from his point of view, feeling, as he did, that there never having been any such watch, it could not be recovered, and little suspecting that two could play at his little game of deception, and that under any circumstances I could foist a ten-shilling watch upon him for two hundred pounds. This business concluded, he started to go.

"'Won't you have a little Scotch?' I asked, as he started, feeling, with all that prospective profit in view, I could well afford the expense. 'It is a stormy night.'

"'Thanks, I will,' said he, returning and seating himself by my table—still, to my surprise, keeping his hat on.

"'Let me take your hat,' I said, little thinking that my courtesy would reveal the true state of affairs. The mere mention of the word hat brought about a terrible change in my visitor; his knees trembled, his face grew ghastly, and he clutched the brim of his beaver until it cracked. He then nervously removed it, and I noticed a dull red mark running about his forehead, just as there would be on the forehead of a man whose hat fitted too tightly; and that mark, gentlemen, had the undulating outline of nothing more nor less than a tiara, and on the apex of the uttermost extremity was a deep indentation about the size of a shilling, that could have been made only by some adamantine substance! The mystery was solved! The robber of the Duchess of Brokedale stood before me."

A suppressed murmur of excitement went through the assembled spirits, and even Messrs. Hawkshaw and Le Coq were silent in the presence of such genius.

"My plan of action was immediately formulated. The man was completely at my mercy. He had stolen the tiara, and had it concealed in the lining of his hat. I rose and locked the door. My visitor sank with a groan into my chair.

"'Why did you do that?' he stammered, as I turned the key in the lock.

"'To keep my Scotch whiskey from evaporating,' I said, dryly. 'Now, my lord,' I added, 'it will pay your Grace to let me have your hat. I know who you are. You are the Duke of Brokedale. The Duchess of Brokedale has lost a valuable tiara of diamonds, and you have not lost your watch. Somebody has stolen the diamonds, and it may be that somewhere there is a Bunker who has lost such a watch as I have described. The queer part of it all is,' I continued, handing him the decanter, and taking a couple of loaded six-shooters out of my escritoire—'the queer part of it all is that I have the watch and you have the tiara. We'll swap the swag. Hand over the bauble, please.'

"'But—' he began.

"'We won't have any butting, your Grace,' said I. 'I'll give you the watch, and you needn't mind the £200; and you must give me the tiara, or I'll accompany you forthwith to the police, and have a search made of your hat. It won't pay you to defy me. Give it up.'

"He gave up the hat at once, and, as I suspected, there lay the tiara, snugly stowed away behind the head-band.

"'You are a great fellow,' said I, as I held the tiara up to the light and watched with pleasure the flashing brilliance of its gems.

"'I beg you'll not expose me,' he moaned. 'I was driven to it by necessity.'

"'Not I,' I replied. 'As long as you play fair it will be all right. I'm not going to keep this thing. I'm not married, and so have no use for such a trifle; but what I do intend is simply to wait until your wife retains me to find it, and then I'll find it and get the reward. If you keep perfectly still, I'll have it found in such a fashion that you'll never be suspected. If, on the other hand, you say a word about to-night's events, I'll hand you over to the police.'

"'Humph!' he said. 'You couldn't prove a case against me.'

"'I can prove any case against anybody,' I retorted. 'If you don't believe it, read my book,' I added, and I handed him a copy of my memoirs.

"'I've read it,' he answered, 'and I ought to have known better than to come here. I thought you were only a literary success.' And with a deep-drawn sigh he took the watch and went out. Ten days later I was retained by the Duchess, and after a pretended search of ten days more I found the tiara, restored it to the noble lady, and received the £5000 reward. The Duke kept perfectly quiet about our little encounter, and afterwards we became stanch friends; for he was a good fellow, and was driven to his desperate deed only by the demands of his creditors, and the following Christmas he sent me the watch I had given him, with the best wishes of the season.

"So, you see, gentlemen, in a moment, by quick wit and a mental concentration of no mean order, combined with strict observance of the pettiest details, I ferreted out what bade fair to become a great diamond mystery; and when I say that this cigar end proves certain things to my mind, it does not become you to doubt the value of my conclusions."

"Hear! hear!" cried Raleigh, growing tumultuous with enthusiasm.

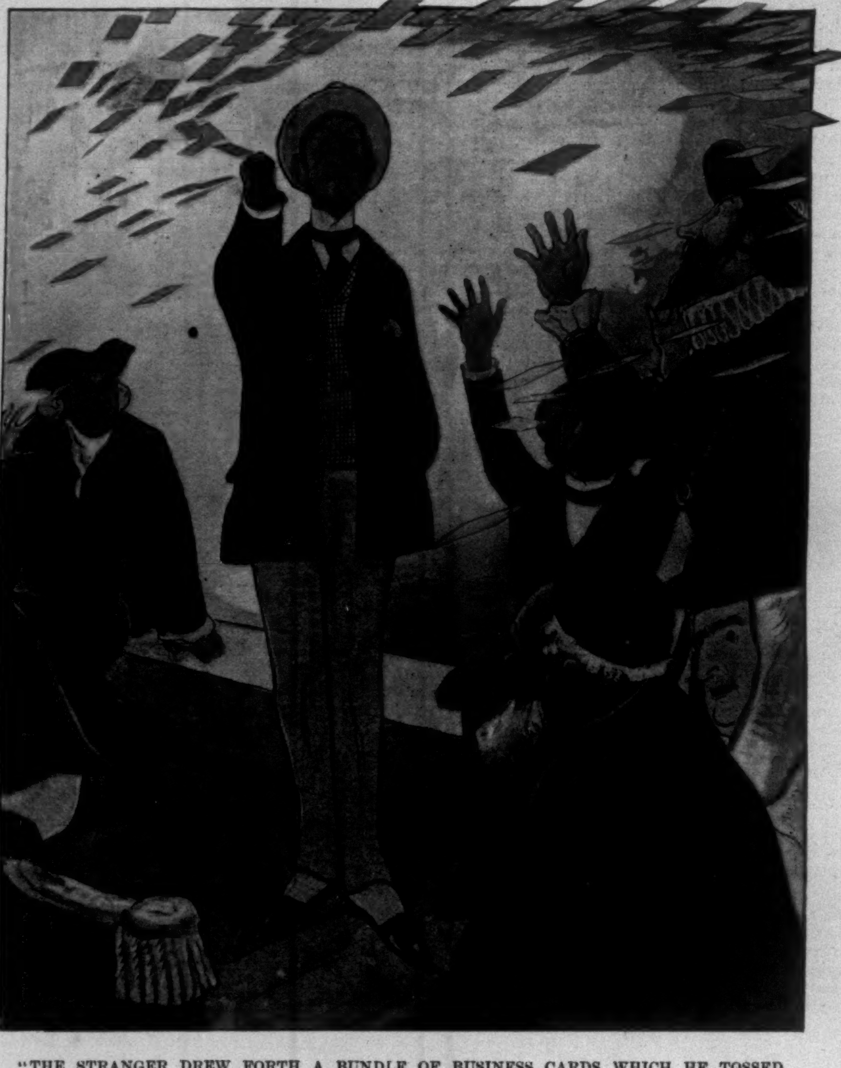
"Your name? your name?" came from all parts of the wharf.

The stranger, putting his hand into the folds of his coat, drew forth a bundle of business cards, which he tossed, as the prestidigitator tosses playing-cards, out among the audience, and on each of them was found printed the words:

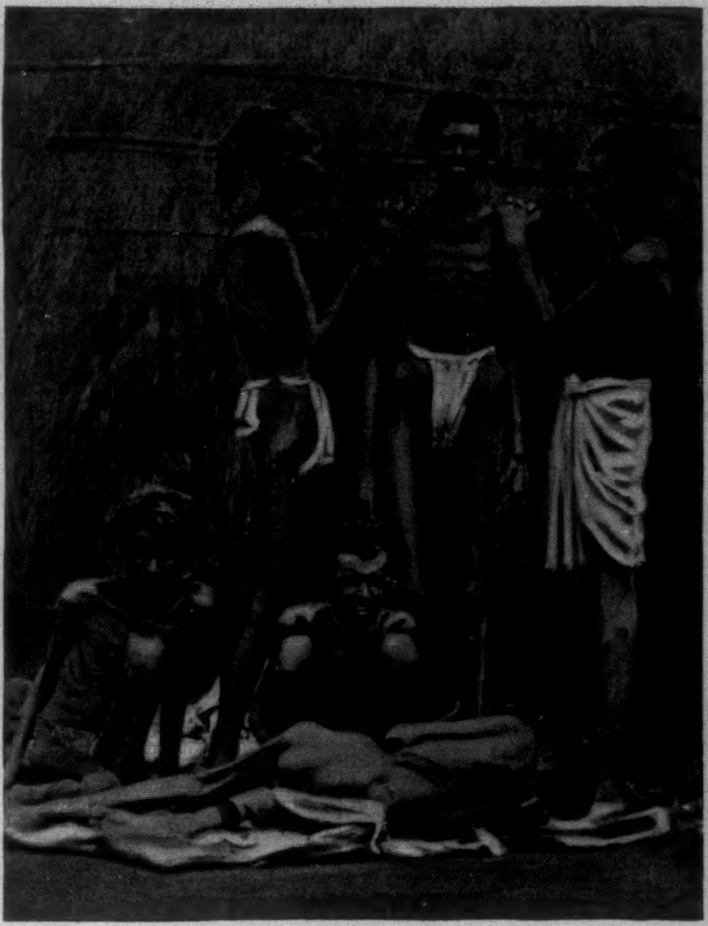
> SHERLOCK HOLMES,
>
> DETECTIVE.
>
> FERRETING DONE HERE.
>
> *Plots for Sale.*

"I think he made a mistake in not taking the £200 for the watch. Such carelessness destroys my confidence in him," said Shylock, who was the first to recover from the surprise of the revelation.

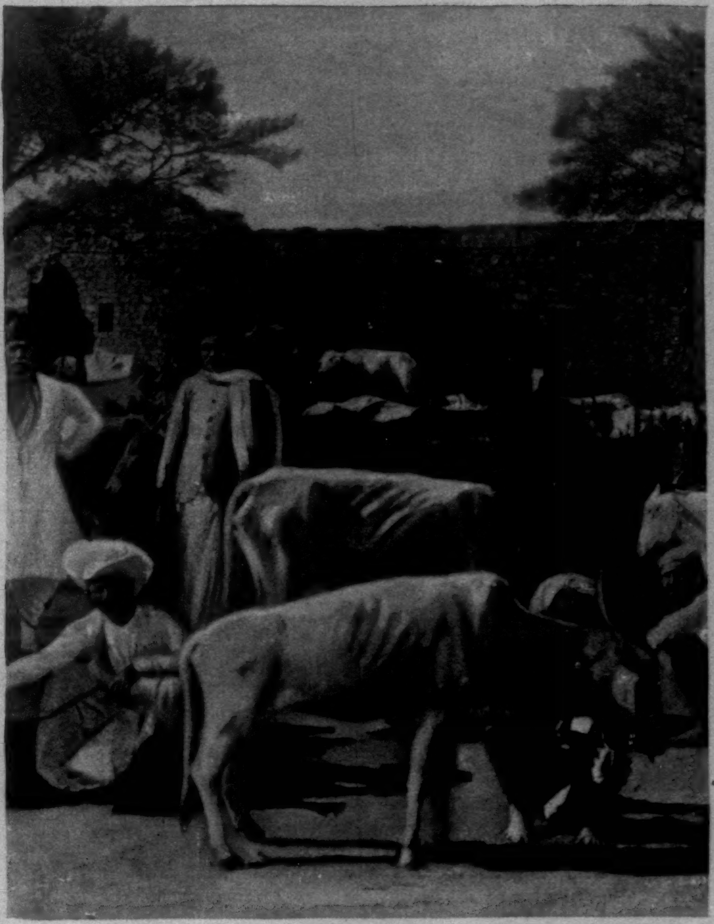
[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"THE STRANGER DREW FORTH A BUNDLE OF BUSINESS CARDS, WHICH HE TOSSED AS THE PRESTIDIGITATOR TOSSES PLAYING-CARDS."



A GROUP OF STARVING NATIVES.



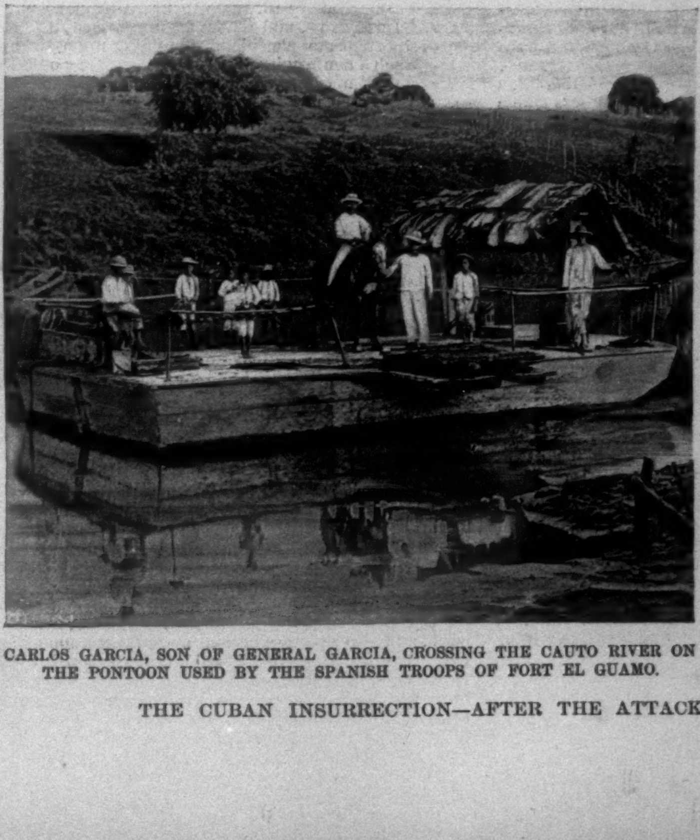
UNDERFED CATTLE IN THE SHOLAPUR DISTRICT.

FAMINE AND PESTILENCE IN INDIA.—[SEE PAGE 163.]

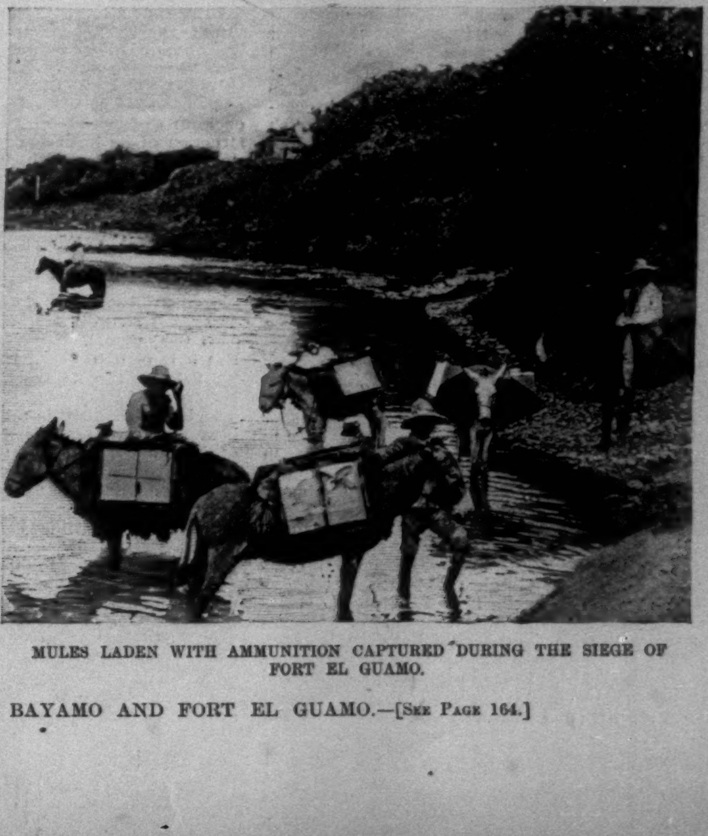
THE ONLY TOWER REMAINING AFTER THE SIEGE OF FORT EL GUAMO.

HEADQUARTERS OF CIVIL GUARD IN BAYAMO, BURNED BY THE CUBANS JANUARY 4.

THE OLD CEDAR UNDER WHICH JOSÉ MACEO IS BURIED.



CARLOS GARCIA, SON OF GENERAL GARCIA, CROSSING THE CAUTO RIVER ON THE PONTOON USED BY THE SPANISH TROOPS OF FORT EL GUAMO.



MULES LADEN WITH AMMUNITION CAPTURED DURING THE SIEGE OF FORT EL GUAMO.

THE CUBAN INSURRECTION—AFTER THE ATTACK ON BAYAMO AND FORT EL GUAMO.—[SEE PAGE 164.]

THE EXHIBITION OF THE AMERICAN WATER-COLOR SOCIETY.

THE water-color show at the Academy of Design is a good one this season. Five hundred pictures have been hung, and a large proportion of them are sound artistic productions, which make up for what they may lack in positive brilliancy by illustrating uniformly an excellent standard of taste and technique. It may seem ungracious, after this, to find fault with the one painting that pretends to pre-eminence, but it is just its conspicuousness that makes "The Green Cushion" of Mr. Irving R. Wiles an aggressive work, challenging attention at the outset. It occupies the place of honor in the south gallery. It shows some clever handling. The reclining figure is drawn fairly well. On the other hand, the flesh tones are hopelessly muddy and morbid, the color is nowhere delicate or transparent, the bulky mass of the sofa is obtrusively introduced, and the whole design is awkward, uninteresting. Yet the Evans prize of $300 has been awarded to this picture in preference to such a landscape as Mr. Ochtman's "Winter Symphony," in the west gallery, to name only one out of half a dozen possible rivals. Assuredly the ways of prize committees are past finding out.

The same jury, however, seems to have kept its good judgment intact in every other instance, and its discretion has been seconded by the hanging committee. Not only are there many good pictures, but they are all well arranged, nearly every "centre" in the galleries has been provided with just the right water-color, and the surrounding works have been placed with equal tact. The flower pieces, for example, have been most tastefully concentrated in the corridor. Miss Scott, Miss Fidelia Bridges, Miss Goodyear, and Miss Marguerite Lippincott, with many others, lend to the walls at this point a delightful warmth and gayety with admirable floral studies. It is in the corridor also that a few of the best things in the collection are shown. Mr. Linson's marine, "On the Ægean Sea," is as rich and flashing in color as it is spirited in execution, and Mr. Ross Turner's "Extra No. 7" demonstrates with simple force how much can be got out of an apparently infertile theme. This water-color of Mr. Turner's is remarkably strong. The bleak snowy railroad yard is prosaic to the point of sheer emptiness, but through the breadth of his style and the truth of his atmosphere, as well as through his deft indication of what is picturesque in the common scene, the artist has made a really beautiful picture. A little interior study that hangs near by, "The Gossip," by Mr. Josephi, deserves to be noticed for its good perspective and quiet tone; and Mr. Walter C. Hartson's "Canal near Dordrecht" may be praised for much the same merits. The portrait by Mrs. Sears, "Elaine," is not so pure in color nor is it so well drawn as should be the case with a painting by this familiar water-colorist. She needs to take heed lest she drift too far away from her accustomed level. In the corridor, finally, we may point out the portrait of a lady in gray standing against a deep red background, contributed by Mr. Louis J. Rhead. The color is desperately to seek in quality, but the scheme is very decorative and clever. It is an amusing example of poster art applied to portraiture.

To the credit of this exhibition be it recorded that it brings to the front few pictures in the eccentric style of Mr. Rhead's portrait. In fact, there is only one other design comparable to it for fantasticality, and that—the hard, unimaginative drawing called "The Peacocks," by Mr. Albert Herter, in the south gallery—is an inoffensive little panel. For the rest it has not been found that conservatism is incompatible with good art. On the contrary, the figure-painters and landscapists alike denote a healthy indifference to the specious appeals of ultra-impressionistic and decadent fads. Among the former, Mr. Abbey is finely in evidence with a full length of a woman of the olden time returning from church in the snow. The workmanship is solid, carefully finished, and touched with the quaintness of style by which this artist is distinguished. The picture is dated 1895, but it is welcome, no matter how belated. Mr. Smedley is another artist who disdains to go running after new methods, in spite of the fact that his subjects are in the forefront of contemporary social life. "The Rendezvous," with its dainty central figure, and the bicycling sketch in the north gallery, are "up to date" in the fullest sense of the phrase, but the execution has all of the accuracy and thoroughness which have made Mr. Smedley among the sanest and most helpful of our illustrators. Wherever the eye turns there is similarly careful and yet spontaneous work. It is discovered in Mr. Volkert's bright and virile "Fishing on Lake Erie"; in all of Mr. Earle's fluently exact heads, especially in his "Young Venetian"; in Mr. Hinton's refined drawing of a pretty model, "Among the Grapes"; in Mr. J. M. Flagg's merry little "Fairy Tale"; in the airy, somewhat saccharine "Narcissus" of Mrs. R. H. Nicholls; in the "Dutch Kitchen" of Mr. George Wharton Edwards, and in his other broad individualized studies of peasant life in Holland. It is observed all through the collection that the artists who quickest command approval are not, upon this occasion, the merely "clever" ones. The best work throughout is the work that is most reasonably, most conscientiously done. The value of *chic* in the art of water-color painting can never be denied, but this exhibition reminds us that *chic* is not the only thing to be desired.

If this is obvious among the figure pieces—among such thoughtful and well-studied pictures as the triptych by Miss Woodbury, "Mother and Daughter" or the somewhat brittle yet engaging "Torch-Bearer" of Mr. Francis C. Jones, or the pleasantly sentimental "Mother and Child" of Miss McChesney—still more noticeable is it among the landscapes, which are almost invariably sober and veracious in style. The "clever bit" is for once in the background, and the landscapists rest their case in perfect security upon such a deep and tender painting as Mr. McIlhenny's "Early Spring," or upon Mr. Palmer's sparkling snow scene, "The Brook in Winter." These are works replete with feeling, and the results of careful observation, and they are typical. Mr. Ochtman has worked in the same dignified and sympathetic vein, producing in the "Winter Symphony," to which we have alluded, a vibration of light and air which gives his picture uncommon vitality and beauty. Mr. F. B. Williams, who continues to echo the school of Barbizon, is nevertheless true and full of landscape sentiment in the sombre "After Showers," which hangs in the south gallery, and through the pensive refined art of Mr. C. Harry Eaton, the equally sensitive and peculiarly original work of Mr. W. L. Lathrop, the rich color and poetic qualities of Mr. Henry B. Snell, through the productions of a score of other painters less personal perhaps than these, there persists undiminished a fidelity to restrained and self-respecting methods of conception and execution which is possibly the most salient point to be recognized in the exhibition. If it were merely correct work it would not call for special comment. But the value of this exhibition lies in its expression of genuine taste and feeling, as well as in its adequate workmanship. If it is agreeable and entertaining to stroll through the galleries, it is not merely because there are such pictures there as Mr. Abbey's "Quiet Conscience," or Mr. Church's repetition of his well-known models, animal and human, or even Mr. Ochtman's landscape. These are indispensable, but so also—and it is a rare privilege to say so—are the paintings which make the rank and file of the exhibition. The galleries will be accessible to the public, it may be added, until February 27.

ROYAL CORTISSOZ.

THE NEW CRIPPLE CREEK.

THE most popular train from Denver to Cripple Creek in these days is the "Eleven-come-Seven," which leaves Denver an hour before midnight, and arrives at the foot of Bennett Avenue, in the metropolis of the gold-fields, at about sunrise. There is something about the name of the train, borrowed as it is from the phraseology of the game of "craps," that smacks of chance; and its peculiarly appropriate title probably has as much to do with its popularity as has the convenience of being able to go to sleep in the State capital and to wake up in camp.

Chance has played and continues to play a very important part in the development of this portion of Colorado. It was chance that revealed the presence of gold here, originally, to the cowboy that picked up a piece of mineral-bearing quartz to hurl at a straying maverick, and it is chance, rather than any deep knowledge of geological formations, that has been responsible for a large majority of the important "strikes." Chance located the famous Independence Mine, which transformed a poor carpenter into a millionaire, and chance has had a good deal to do with the ownership of many of the great producers; for it is now a matter of history that the Independence and a number of the other leading mines of the district were at one time or other adversely reported upon by the experts.

Though to this same factor may be attributed a goodly percentage of the still constantly occurring rich finds in Cripple Creek, the corresponding element of uncertainty can no longer be said to enter into the question of either the camp's permanency or the town's stability. The diamond drill has proved the apparently inexhaustible extent of the ore bodies, and this, taken in connection with the fact that each year since the first discovery of gold in these hills development and production have shown a gradual and constant increase, may be regarded as ample evidence that Cripple Creek is no ephemeral settlement, but an El Dorado that will for many years continue to add to the gold supply of the world.

No better testimony as to the faith of the people of Colorado in the continued productiveness of the mines of the district need be cited than the celerity and liberality with which the town of Cripple Creek was rebuilt after the disastrous fires of last April. The Cripple-Creeker was proud of his town before its destruction, and justly so. It boasted more brick buildings, more school-houses, more churches, and more advantages generally than any mining town of its age in the country; and already, with its electric lights and its plate-glass shop-fronts, it had begun to take on an air of metropolitanism that was something of a shock to the Eastern visitor, who would have been better pleased to find a little more of the rough and ready element that he had always been led to associate with Western mining camps, and less of the resemblance to a prosperous New England manufacturing city.

There was a period after the flames had laid waste thirty odd blocks in the heart of the town, leaving only three or four of the more substantial brick buildings standing, when, with temporary wooden shacks and canvas tents erected over the still smoking ashes, Cripple Creek looked more like a "boom town" than in its very earliest days; but the period was very brief, for the digging for new foundations was begun at once, and inside of two months the finishing touches were being put to several imposing structures.

Meanwhile the City Council had adopted stringent measures as to what was denominated the "fire limits." Buildings of more inflammable material than brick or stone were forbidden the right of existence, and, as a consequence, Cripple Creek rose in substantial solidity from the ruins of its one-story boxes and its hitherto scarcely less stable enclosures of brick. Pretentious as it was before the destruction of its business centre, it may now plume itself upon possessing a legitimate claim to municipal distinction; and its citizens are hardly to be blamed for wishing to make it a county-seat, even at the risk of increased taxation.

The visitor, arriving at the foot of Bennett Avenue, the principal business thoroughfare of the town, just as the sun is coming up over Globe Hill, is apt to remark first upon the temperature, which he finds surprisingly genial as compared even with Denver, and the almost invariable absence of snow, which, when one considers the altitude, 9500 feet, may be regarded as somewhat phenomenal. But it is to be doubted if these circumstances occasion him as much surprise as when, a few minutes later, having been whirled away from the handsome stone station in the 'bus, he finds himself in the spacious lobby of a hotel that in architecture would do credit to any of the larger cities of the effete East. The stranger is accordingly not surprised when, in a subsequent walk through the length of Bennett Avenue, he observes its artistic shop fronts, its substantial mining exchange and bank buildings, its gilded saloons, and its attractive opera-house. The array of wares in the shop windows not infrequently causes a still further shattering of the tourist's preconceived notions.

The fact that gambling-places are running wide open during the day as well as the night, and on Sunday as on the other days of the week, is about the only reminder, from the Bennett Avenue stand-point, that there is a mining camp at the town's doors; unless it happen that the conversation of the loungers on the street corners and in the bar-rooms be overheard, in which event the visitor's ears are smitten with a jargon in which "lodes" and "stopes" and "drifts" and "cross-cuts" and "whims" and "phonolite" and "porphyry" are a few of the more intelligible utterances, mingled with names of mines and mining stocks that are frequently of weird significance.

But there is another side to Cripple Creek than that presented by Bennett Avenue. The day when the town consisted of one street has long ago departed, and, as may be seen by a panoramic view from the crest of Gold Hill, it stretches now over many acres, with the brick and stone buildings of its "fire limits" in the centre, and its residential portion spreading out through valley and slope and gulch, and far up on the sides of the hills that surround the natural basin in which it was originally planted.

CHARLES STOKES WAYNE.

MORNINGSIDE.

MORNINGSIDE HEIGHTS, as all New-Yorkers know, but as most, even of New-Yorkers who do not ride or drive or wheel, are rather vaguely aware, is the name of the plateau in the northerly part of Manhattan Island, to the northwest of Central Park, between Harlem flats and the Hudson. It is almost a ridge rather than a plateau, for the ground declines very abruptly to the east and west, and rather abruptly to the south. It is the peculiarity of its conformation that has made it very late in developing as part of the city, while the plain to the eastward of it has been built up solidly along its whole extent to where the estuary called the Harlem River edges in and narrows Manhattan Island to half or less of its breadth at the lower end of Central Park. The natural boundaries of Morningside on both sides have been emphasized by art. Along the western side extends the beautiful and unique municipal possession, the Riverside Drive and Park, of which the north end is marked by the white pyramidal mass of the Grant Monument, lately completed as to its exterior architecture, and dimly visible in our illustration. On the eastern side the steep scarp of cliff that divides the plateau from the plain below has been furnished, by the providence of our park-makers, with some revetement towards the top and a driveway along the edge, expanding at intervals into semicircular platforms, which command the plain enlivened by the multitudinous chimneys and smokes of Harlem, and beyond them the shining ribbon of the East River stretching away to the Sound. The driveway and the platforms, and a strip of garden at the foot of the cliff, are dignified with the name of Morningside Park.

It is well known that a moderate elevation will do more to arrest or to deflect the line of improvement than miles of level distance, and the owners of Morningside Heights were kept for many years wondering when the tide would turn in their direction. Really, when the lower end of Morningside was chosen for the cathedral, the whole plateau was virtually virgin soil. There was an "institution" and old-fashioned building erected for an orphanage on the site of the cathedral, and it is there yet; and there was another institution of a newer but not of a more agreeable fashion on the site that has since been acquired for the new Columbia, which also has been permitted thus far to remain. There were many to dispute the wisdom of the choice of a site for the cathedral when the choice was made, but there are very few to dispute it now. When the first and longest step had been taken towards fixing the character of Morningside as a suitable site for institutions, other institutions followed—the Teachers' College and St. Luke's Hospital, and last of all Columbia. Visionary persons began to dream of a segregated and cloistered quarter devoted to the humanities, and even to talk and to write about it, and some went so far as to call it Our Acropolis. There was indeed an opportunity offered that is very rare in so old and so "committed" a community as New York to make a quarter of which all the parts should be in keeping, and of which the expression should be in striking contrast with that of the bustling city that hemmed it in on two sides.

It cannot be said that these expectations have been realized. The city had done its best in the bounding parks to prepare such a place. But as for the "keeping" there is very little to be said. The cathedral, as the first-comer, and as the most extensive and costly of the buildings, was entitled, one would have said, to set the fashion for its successors, and thus to become the dominant member of a homogeneous group. Such a conformity need not, of course, have hampered any of the succeeding architects. It was only necessary for them to bear in mind what the cathedral was to be, and that it was necessarily to be the most important and conspicuous building upon Morningside. Such a conformity as this consideration would have induced need not have injured any of the buildings—nay, would have helped the effect of every one, while it would immensely have heightened the total effect of all—whereas now there cannot be said to be the promise of any ensemble, and the various institutions are rather mutually destructive than mutually helpful.

Of the cathedral itself the illustration gives a far more adequate notion than what is actually to be seen upon Morningside. What is to be seen, in fact, is but the ring of huge gray masses of stone that are to carry the piers of the semicircular apse, which is to be the base of the tower in the view from the east, and that promises, together with it, to make up a very picturesque and effective composition. But St. Luke's Hospital, directly opposite, is completed, excepting the terminal pavilions. It is by no means an ineffective design, taken by itself, and the design of the central cupola, its chief architectural feature, is of positive interest. But the festive and chipper aspect of its white marble and buff brick seems intentionally to "flout the ruin gray," which the beginnings of the cathedral resemble, and the further the cathedral advances to completion, the more pert will the interruption appear. In truth, the only buildings in the neighborhood which seem to have been designed with any other than a disrespectful reference to the minster that is to overlook them, are an unpretentious little institution in rough brick and a modified Gothic architecture on the other side of Amsterdam Avenue (the broad central thoroughfare of the drawing), and the sober unmistakably collegiate Teachers' College, beyond the buildings of Columbia, also in red brick, and also as unpretentious as its magnitude will permit. The buildings of Columbia are designed without reference to the cathedral; but they will not only form an imposing group of themselves, but they are several squares away, and will scarcely be visible from the grounds of the

cathedral when the intervening spaces come to be built over. From the view of the hospital, on the other hand, in connection with the cathedral, to which it is so rude, no visitor approaching the cathedral from the south can escape.

The quadrangle of Columbia is growing rapidly towards an effectual completeness. The stone roofing of the dome of the library is now going on, and the exterior is virtually finished. It is a very pure and peaceable structure which rears its shapely bulk of light limestone from the ample foreground of the plaza, and it is effectively flanked by the counterparting buildings in rough Harvard brick relieved with the same stone. If the aspect of the group is not especially collegiate, it is unmistakably institutional. Taken by themselves, it is worthy of its eminent and detached situation. The greater is the pity that each of the buildings or groups of buildings on the plateau has to be taken by itself, and that all the architects engaged on Morningside should not have seized the unique opportunity offered to them for creating by co-operation a harmonious and artistic quarter. But it is nevertheless a very interesting quarter to the visitor.

A WORD TO THE MUGWUMP.

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The head of our insurance corps is in his proper sphere.
For all the years that he's been known, as lobbyist and boss,
There's not a year some one's not been insured against his loss.

To certain ones he's been a stench — the word is not my own,
But that of some Republicans with whom he's most been thrown:
I hate the word, and never have been known to use the same,
E'en 'gainst a man that I believed a man of illest fame.

But there he is, and there he'll stay, to suit the youthful whim
Of one who had a chance to win a place unknown to him;
Of one who chose to risk his all to show the public that
His mind was independent, 'spite of all we'd said of Platt.

And why should he not fill the place as well as any man?
So many officers of state now do the worst they can.
And Payn is really just their chum; he's truly quite the first
To make for us a maximum — a standard of the worst.

And in our deepest, direst moods we can't help bear in mind
We've got to take up as our world the very world we find;
And, after all, 'tis known throughout this whole extensive nation
That our fair State this day *must* have a Black administration.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

THE PLAGUE IN INDIA.

DESPITE the sensational head-lines of the daily press, there is little likelihood that the terrible plague now raging in Bombay will ever reach these shores. It has never been known in the New World, and very probably it never will be. And even if the disease were to make its appearance here, it could hardly obtain a hold. The conditions which give it life are lacking. It thrives upon famine and filth, and the most potent agents for its dissemination seem to be rats. Indeed, in China, where it has continued its ravages for centuries, it is known as the "rat plague," and in the presidency of Bombay two months before the scourge broke out the terror-stricken natives organized processions and offered up propitiating sacrifices to the goddess of the plague, their terror and their sacrifices being prompted by the appearance of the disease among these animals.

Indeed, so vital seems the connection that it may practically be said, "No rats, no plague." In Canton, at the time of the scourge three years ago, the authorities ordered that all these dead animals be collected, and 22,000 were heaped up outside of one gate of the city alone. The first sign of the plague is an unusual invasion of the rats in the houses. They leave their haunts and run about, dazed, and careless of the presence of man, showing the disease which has seized them by a spasmodic limp of the hind legs. They will then be found dead everywhere. That they are often uncared-for and unnoticed by the natives gives a more vivid insight into the squalor and filth of the native homes than mere words could convey.

How the disease spreads among the rats themselves, and whether they are the sole agent of infection, are unknown. Indeed, it was not until the famous Japanese physician Kitasato, one of the greatest bacteriologists living, came to Hong-kong in 1894 and succeeded in isolating and cultivating the plague bacillus, that any specific knowledge of the origin of the disease existed. Almost at the same time Dr. Yersin, another famous pupil of Pasteur, independently discovered the plague germ, and since that time he has sought to prepare an anti-plague serum which would prove the same antidote for this disease as, for example, the diphtheritic anti-toxins. This serum he tried a year ago in Amoy, where he nursed twenty-three plague-stricken men, and succeeded in curing twenty-one of them, where, as a rule, twenty-one usually die. Despite this remarkable success, the authorities seem slow to make use of Yersin's great discovery, or to manufacture the serum in sufficiently large quantities to be of avail.

Yet, aside from this single remedy, there exists practically no protection against the spread of the disease, save free ventilation and ordinary hygienic precautions. It is a specific fever, which, on account of many resemblances, is generally regarded as the typhus of warm climates. Its period of incubation is from two to six days, never over seven, so that a vessel coming from Liverpool to New York would be known to be infected before it reached this port. The disease is fatal in more than nine cases out of ten, and spreads locally with frightful rapidity. In Canton more than 60,000 deaths occurred in four weeks, and Hecker estimates that 25,000,000 died of the epidemic, believed to be this same disease, which swept Europe in the middle of the fourteenth century. The scourge is known as the bubonic plague from the characteristic appearance of buboes, or lentil-like swellings of the glands of the neck, armpits, or groin. But the term is misleading, from the fact that similar buboes are characteristic of a mild infection which has little of the malignant character of the plague. According to Dr. James Cantlie, who studied the disease for several years in the East, it is one of the slowest-travelling contagions known, often taking months and years to travel a few miles. For example, although hundreds of junks and vessels ply between Hong-kong and Macao, thirty miles away, it was ten months after the outbreak of the plague in Hong-kong before it made its appearance in Macao.

The plague seems to flourish under the most varied conditions, alike in thickly settled spots, as Canton or Bombay, and in sparsely settled districts like the semi-deserts of Arabia. It is always active somewhere, and in its outbreaks seems to swing back and forth across Asia with something of the regularity of a pendulum. Its present home would appear to be in Mesopotamia—a fact which cannot but be saddening to the lovers of that beautiful word. Whether it is ever transmitted to any great distance is at present an open question. It seems to have a curious habit of hibernation, and it may be that the outbreaks in Canton, Hong-kong, and Bombay are but the recrudescence of an old-time infection. It is this fact, coupled with the discovery of its germ origin, that leads to the belief that this dread disease may one day be utterly stamped out. This, however, can be accomplished only in the face of bitter opposition on the part of the natives among whom it is so largely fatal. Not only do they refuse to help themselves, but they use the most extraordinary means to defeat the efforts of the authori-

(*Continued on page 164.*)

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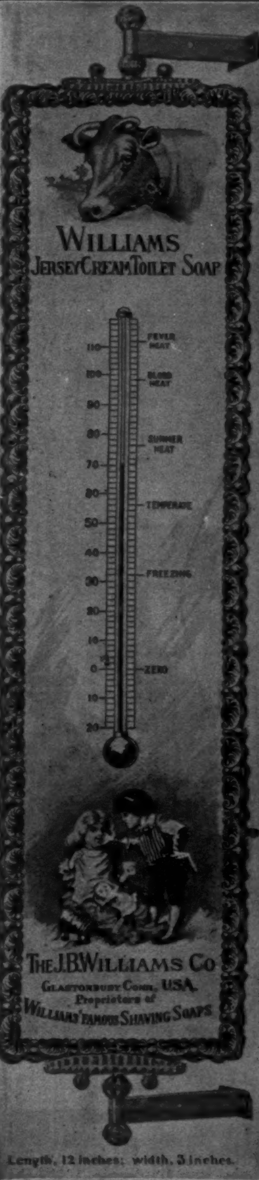

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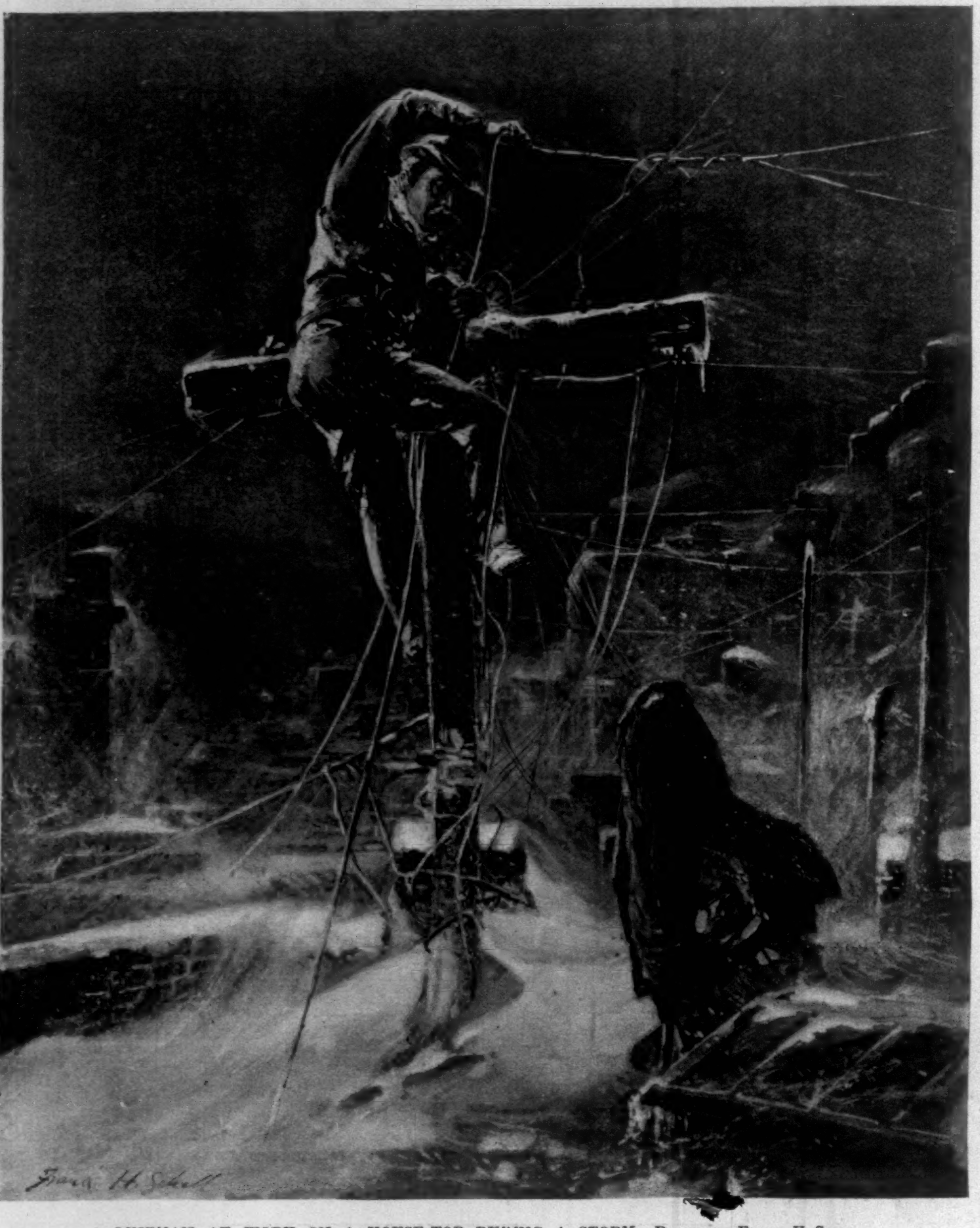

A LINEMAN AT WORK ON A HOUSE-TOP DURING A STORM.—DRAWN BY FRANK H. SCHELL.

(Continued from page 163.)

ties. They regard the scourge as a visitation of the wrath of God, and offer sacrifices to the deities of the plague, meanwhile often secreting the bodies of those who die of the disease, in order that the latter may lose none of the fantastic burial rites of their absurd religion. This is indeed one of the chief horrors of the plague. Yet another item of religious belief has undoubtedly cost India literally millions of lives. That is the sacredness of animals. The utter extermination of the rat population would undoubtedly cut off half the source of infection and propagation, and the quick cremation of dead bodies, clothing, and bedding, and the complete sanitation of the houses, would cut off the other half. It must be years, however, before even these simple remedies can be put into full effect.

No one who has not seen with his own eyes the frightful conditions under which the lower portion of the native populations of the East live can have any adequate idea of the utter squalor and wretchedness that prevail. The natives are huddled like cattle in miserable hovels that simply reek with dirt and filth. They exist forever on the fringe of starvation, so that a slight rise in the price of food-stuffs carries with it untold havoc and suffering.

With lack of proper food, with low powers of resistance, and surrounded by every condition that can breed and propagate this fatal disease, it is a slight wonder that in this mire of want the natives literally die in droves like rats.

CARL SNYDER.

THE CUBAN REVOLT.

SINCE General Weyler established the military lines called Trochas, and erected forts and watch-towers in the suburbs of the Cuban towns, communication with the insurgent camps has become from day to day more difficult—but not altogether impossible, as the readers of the WEEKLY know. A letter, a sketch, which crosses the Spanish lines, and reaches friendly hands in the towns—perhaps to be forwarded to correspondents in foreign parts—must have added to its original literary content an unwritten history of astute and skilful devices.

To understand this you have only to remember that one of the chief objects of military authorities in the island is to prevent such communication. More than one photographer has learned to his cost that in bringing his apparatus he had offended the Spanish officials as gravely as though he had brought a box of cartridges or a can of dynamite.

A faithful little representation, in black and white, of a single incident may (to adopt the Castilian phrase) be "worth as much" as the life of the man who smuggles it out of the country.

At the beginning of the war, and for a short time after Weyler's arrival in Cuba, all the photographers of the various towns of the interior made their harvest by going to the camps, taking views, and putting themselves in communication with the insurgents, whose leaders found amusement in having themselves photographed in various attitudes; but to-day photography may be regarded as almost a lost art in the insurgent camps, and if some amateur among the soldiers has kept his camera, the difficulty in forwarding its product may make it wellnigh useless.

But the Cuban insurgents are clever at this sort of thing, and their auxiliaries, the *pacificos*, are not less so. Sometimes the best messengers for carrying letters, sketches, and photographs have been the venders of milk, wood, charcoal, or vegetables, who, with their *arrias*, go between camp and town, and may carry a package of letters, hidden under their panniers or saddles, to some of their customers who have a good understanding with the insurgents.

Another agency frequently resorted to is that of the so-called commissioners of the insurgent leaders, who set out in small boats from some unfrequented portion of the coast and stand inshore at Jamaica, or some of the adjacent islets, where they join the boats of the fishermen in those waters, and in their company go to some port where they may take passage by steamer for Tampa or New York. These commissioners always carry letters, and this is not the least uncertain method of forwarding photographs of the scenes of the war.

Sometimes the communication goes by way of Santiago de Cuba. Every week letters from the insurgents are sent by steamers that put in at Santiago on their way to New York; and such contraband literature may even be secretly inserted in parcels of ultra-Spanish Havana newspapers, which vigilant employés of the government are to seal and pack; or perhaps a loyal Spaniard may take in his luggage, when he goes from Havana to New York, a box of guava-jelly that has the manufacturer's label apparently unbroken. He has been commissioned to deliver it as a little present from some friend in Havana to a Cuban in New York. Perhaps he does not know (perhaps he does not always care to know) that there may be reassuring or valuable information, or photographs, or appeal from one in actual peril, or warning to another when danger impends—in a word, some extraneous matter in the good guava-jelly.

Many of the illustrations of the Cuban revolt which the WEEKLY offers to its readers have some such novel derivation. Those in the present issue represent certain objects that had their part in the following events:

The forces of General Calixto García broke into the city of Bayamo on the 4th of January, pillaged the shops, and remained there for twelve hours. On the arrival of reenforcements, under Colonel Tovar, they withdrew, after setting fire to certain public edifices—among others, the quarters or barracks of the civil guard, which they destroyed. Then they kept on along the banks of the river Cauto until they came to the fort of Guamo. On the 6th of the same month General García, operating on the right bank of the Cauto, and directing General Jesús Rabí to second him on the left bank, laid siege to the fort of Guamo, and maintained the siege during a fortnight, employing artillery with good results. The fort was partially destroyed, the pontoon or float that served to transport the troops across the river was blown up, and of the Spanish garrison—which defended itself bravely, and held out until the water-supply was cut off by the insurgents—several were killed and many wounded. The insurgents, upon the arrival of the Spanish column under Colonel Tovar, finding themselves outnumbered, raised the siege; and to this circumstance the garrison of Guamo, when on the point of surrendering, owed its safety.

F. M. N.

THE LINEMAN.

THREE or four years ago, when telegraph and electric wires were trailed along unsightly poles in the principal thoroughfares of New York city, the lineman was a familiar figure to all of us. His was the task to disentangle, to adjust, to cut, or to join together refractory wires. And as some wire in some locality at some period of the day was absolutely certain to prove refractory, the spectacle of the lineman sitting astraddle an arm of a telegraph pole was one that daily greeted the eye.

The lineman still exists. But since 1885, when the word went out that telegraph and electric wires must be trailed underground, the larger part of his business is conducted in the bowels of the earth. Not all, however; for on the extreme east and extreme west of the city, which are not yet provided with subways, telegraph and electric-light poles still exist. And all over the city the telephone wires are carried from substations over the roofs of the houses.

The lineman whose business it is to attend to these overhead wires has just as hard a time of it as he ever had. His work is exactly what it used to be. It is still exercised in the open, in the face of the elements. Not the most oppressive heat, not the bitterest cold, not rain nor snow nor sleet nor thunder and lightning, can keep him from his post of duty.

But that post is not now, as formerly, in plain sight of the multitude. Poles placed on the roofs of houses are not as conspicuous as when planted in the streets. Indeed, they are frequently invisible from the streets. The eaves of the roofs hide them; the chimneys hide them; interposing buildings hide them. The lineman seldom has an audience to play to. He must do his work in solitude.

The observant eye of Mr. Frank H. Schell, however, has caught one of these men at work, and bound his presentment upon paper. After he had finished his sketch, Mr. Schell took an opportunity to converse with the lineman, who by this time had descended to the streets. He told Mr. Schell that he never retains a coat when he "shins up" a pole. In rough weather he wears a short coat on his passage through the streets. But when he reaches the roof where his services are required, he slings it over any convenient rod or projection, and gets to work.

"There is no holiday for the lineman," said he. "He must keep himself in readiness at all times and in any weather to tackle a job. I've been at it twenty-seven years, but I like the 'profesh.' I'm always in good health, and I can put up my hands with the young 'uns. And there's something to do every day."

UNCLE 'LIAS DISCOURSES ON VALENTINES.

NOPE, there ain't no more such valentines es what there use to be—
This new-fashion' way of sendin' gif's don't seem the same to me,
Fer they ain't no hearts ner Cupids, ner no po'try like they wuz,
An' if them don't make a valentine, I'd like to know what does.
Why, I went down to the city with some "truck" the other day,
And I peeked into a winder at their "valentine display,"
Fer I'm gettin' pretty old an' sorter foolish like, I guess,
Kinder wand'in' back to Heaven by the way of childishness.
Well, I saw a lot of Chris'mas gif's, an' some were mighty fine,
But they wa'n't a blame' thing in there that wuz like a valentine;
An' some fellers stood there talkin', an' I think I heard 'em say
They was goin' to send some lilies, like they do on Eatser day.
Lawsey me, how things are changin'! Why, that ain't no more the same
Than "an evenin' with the poets" is a good old kissin' game!
An' if I'd 'a' courted Sary on that Chris'mas-Easter plan,
Well, I reckon that Jim Fellers 'u'd 'a' died a married man.
Why, I recollec' that verse thet ended up "you'll not ferget
Thet my heart is yourn forever"—Sary's got it somewheres yet—
They was two hearts jest above it with an arrer stickin' through,
An' some Cupids an' some lace-work; an' she's got Jim Fellers' too.
Pore Jim! Sary alwis liked him, an' has kep' his valentine,
Though she somehow sorter seemed to give the preference to mine;
But if I'd 'a' tried with flowers and sich to get ahead o' him,
Well, I guess I'd died a bachelor, las' week, instead of Jim.

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

AMATEUR SPORT

THREE UNIVERSITY PRESIDENTS have recently given public expression to the opinion that general athletics in moderation are of great benefit to the student body, and of questionable value if carried to excess.

There is no new light revealed in this opinion, nor is the statement applicable to athletics only; it has equal pertinence to any branch of human endeavor. But it suggests the thought that there would be less occasion for disquietude if college faculties addressed themselves to internal remedies rather than to public bulletins. The physician who stops short with a diagnosis of a case gives no relief to the sufferer. We have had before us the analysis of the athletic situation for certainly the past five years, and the best skill obtainable continuously employed administering such medicine as the disease seemed to require and the patient could endure. If the highest skill in university life has not been enlisted, it was not for want of seeking, or because authority was lacking had the inclination to offer its advice been stirring.

IN APPROACHING THIS ATHLETIC QUESTION, two facts must be accepted as a basis for present discussion and an earnest of the future possibilities:

(1.) Wholesomely conducted athletics are proved by experience and universally acknowledged by all intelligent men to be beneficial to the human race.

(2.) Each year of the last five has shown an emphatic improvement over the preceding one in the provisions of rules, in healthful management, and in the education of the participants along the lines of sport for sport's sake.

If any one can support with evidence a denial of these facts, I should be glad to give him the freedom of this Department.

Meanwhile, athletics in general, and football in particular, have been bitterly assailed by men who because of ignorance could not, or because of bigoted prejudice would not, recognize their merit. There has been on exhibition a tendency to damn athletics because of their evils, rather than save their good by a correction of those evils. Logically carried out in all departments of life, where would such a policy land us, I wonder? Meanwhile, too, the belief in wholesome sport, wholesomely conducted, has remained unshaken.

THE ATHLETIC situation, generally speaking, would have been much more satisfactory to-day had (*a*) those in authority in our universities and colleges given the valuable assistance of which they are capable, instead of holding aloof merely to criticise and to restrain, and (*b*) had there been agreement upon uniform rules, covering all branches of sport, and touching eligibility, standard of scholarship required of athletes, expenses, etc. Athletics have too long been viewed from their competitive side alone. More earnest heed of their ethical side is needed. Rules were made with relation to the athlete as a student, but no apparent conception had of the sport as filling an interesting and beneficial—and, if ignored, perhaps harmful—part in university life. It would be as wise for a country-town father to cut his son adrift in New York, and with no further concern expect him to adjust himself to the intricacies of metropolitan life. If he was sound at heart and level of head the lad would eventually come out all right,—but not without finding some pitfalls, around which an experienced guide could have led him. Perhaps the father might satisfy parental solicitude by a letter of censure, but that would not relieve his responsibility, nor provide a trustworthy guide for the future.

THE QUESTION WHICH concerns not only university faculties, but every man of us who is a factor in this present work-a-day world, and cares for the health and prosperity of the Americans to come after us, is not the suppression of sport in college or out of it, but its salutary regulation. The inclination for out-of-door sport is one of the best signs of the times. Some may direct their endeavors in unwholesome channels; there are morally unclean men and women everywhere; it would be indeed extraordinary if none of them indulged their viciousness in athletics. The world is full of critics that have to offer no remedies to amend the ills of which they complain. Sport has more than its share. The tendency toward healthful manly sport is stronger to-day than ever; what it needs is proper direction; if that is denied, it will grow rank; if judiciously nourished we shall have a wholesome result, exerting an influence which will reach far and beneficially.

WELCH AT THE TRAP.
The Live-Pigeon Championship Trap Shoot at the Larchmont Yacht Club Traps, January 30, 1897.

GEORGE S. McALPIN,
Second in 1897.

ROBERT S. WELCH,
Champion of 1897.

DR. WILLIAM WYNN,
Third in 1897.

PERHAPS NO MAN IN THE UNIVERSITY WORLD has a keener appreciation of the relation of wholesome athletics to the general morale of the student body, or more accurately judges the dividing line between healthful indulgence and harmful excess, than President Eliot of Harvard. He sounds the true principle of wholesome athletics in these words:—

> It must be perceived and admitted that training which goes beyond pleasurable, strenuous exercise is worse than useless, and that so-called sports which require a dull and dreaded routine of hardship and suffering in preparation for a few exciting crises are not worth what they cost. They pervert even courage and self-sacrifice, because these high qualities are exercised for no adequate end.

President Eliot draws his deductions, of course, from the illustrations furnished by the Harvard teams, and while we do not agree with him that the defeat of Harvard on the water has been due to the crew entering their final race "less capable of endurance than they were a month earlier," there is no doubt his suggestion of subordinating coaches to training experts and medical advisers is much needed in Harvard football. We have known for several years that Harvard annually wasted her football material, and have been as yearly surprised the fact was not patent at Cambridge. If it was, there was a case for faculty intervention—a case where the experienced guide was needful, and should have been forth-coming. But this concerns Harvard only, and should not be offered as a panacea for general athletic ills. Training under expert eyes, with medical supervision, is of course a *sine qua non* to proper preparation for any branch of athletics, and has always been so accepted.

PRESIDENT ELIOT HAS BEEN QUOTED by the newspapers as proclaiming proper preparation to be one of the most pressing needs of football, whereas undoubtedly his warning was intended only for Harvard. It would of course be as unwarranted for him to conclude Harvard's incompetency in football-training representative of general university experience as it is for President Harper of Chicago University to conclude athletics as practised at present a menace to good work in the class-room because some six or seven of the Chicago eleven failed to pass their examinations.

President Eliot undoubtedly knows why Harvard teams have been so mismanaged; and if President Harper will carefully study the athletic rules of his university, he will learn why several of the Chicago team were unable to pass their examinations.

Presidents should be wary of advertising the failings of their own universities, assuming them to be general.

THE CLOSE OF the out-door athletic season is always the signal for the exploitation of views and the airing of objections, to which no one will listen while interest in the various sports runs high. And, lest I be misinterpreted, this in no way refers to what either President Eliot or President Harper has had to say on athletics. We hear a great deal of the excess of athletics and the brutality of football, but the real fact is that there is infinitely less of either than the sensationalists would have us believe. There is distortion of ethics here and there, and football is needing a little revision of rules (not on the score of brutality, however), but there never was so gratifying a display of sportsmanly intent and spirit as now, and the instances of corruptness in college athletics are very few.

A GREAT DEAL IS SAID AND ACCEPTED about athletic excess; and superficial legislators seek to diminish it by saying at the spigot and wasting at the bung-hole. The real thorn in the flesh is overlooked. There will be no athletic indulgence to which a man is not entitled if proper rules on eligibility and scholarship standard are adopted and enforced. If a man is a bona fide student, whose amateur

EDGAR G. MURPHY,
Champion of 1896.

CHARLES MACALESTER,
Second in 1896.

status is unassailable, and who has no "conditions" and lives up to the prescribed scholarship standard of the class-room, he has earned his right to play as much football, or as much of any other legitimate sport, as he wishes. There can be no question of "excess" with such a man. The term "excess" has been created by men neglecting their class-room duties in their devotion to athletics, and is therefore usually applied with this significance.

A normal man can stand so much mental and so much physical work every day. When it has been determined how much football-training, for instance, the normal man can sustain without interfering with his class-room work, let a standard be set accordingly; every man who fails to keep up to the class-room standard should be at once forbidden the athletic teams. Such rules would preclude any suggestion of excessive indulgence in athletics. In this direction university presidents and faculties can do incalculable service to wholesome athletics and for their own universities. And a congress of university faculties would be the surest way to bring about agreement on a uniform standard. Once a standard is generally accepted there will be an end to the cry of excessive athletics.

Sunday Bicycle-racing has been opposed in this Department frequently and vigorously, and we have received many letters showing the disapproval of the better class of people throughout the country to be as emphatic as our own. We have received other letters, also, from writers West and South, of whose status we know nothing, protesting against our position as hypercritical and not representing the views of "practical wheelmen." Perhaps these will be interested, if not convinced, in reading what one has to say, who, at least, is a "practical" wheelman. For these, then, we give space to a letter from Chief Consul C. C. Monaghan of southern California, who will probably be accepted by all as speaking out of the fulness of experience. There is probably no State in the Union where Sunday interrupts the pleasures of its inhabitants less than in California.

There has been in circulation during the past two months a rumor to the effect that all of the Western divisions, particularly California, were very desirous of Sunday racing. We will state that at the annual meeting of the Board of Officers of the South California division, held December, 1896, at which the entire Board were present, a resolution was adopted declaring that the Board of Officers were unalterably opposed to the granting of local option for Sunday racing, and that we use our best efforts to defeat such an amendment at the coming National Assembly.

The League is organized primarily to protect wheelmen and to secure better roads. And one of the greatest inducements held out to the people for membership is that, even if the League controlled racing, it never sanctioned Sunday racing or allowed pools to be sold on its tracks. The strength of the organization depends not upon the amount of racing that we have, but upon the amount of work that is accomplished for the benefit of wheelmen, and League members particularly.

The League of American Wheelmen was not organized, nor is it continued, to make money out of racing. They simply control racing to give to the people of this country a sport free from all stigma.

It matters not what personal feelings we may have on the subject, whether we would attend a race meet or not given on that day, the fact remains that to a large percentage of our membership the granting of sanctions on that day would be obnoxious. And whether in Maine or in California, the same broad rule should govern our organization.

There was organized in southern California last summer what was known as the Wheelmen's Racing League, for the purpose of giving Sunday race meets at Santa Monica, a sea-side resort of southern California. But notwithstanding the fact of the immense advertising of these races, the largest paid attendance on any Sunday was 250.

If race-meet promoters and racing men desire Sunday racing, there is nothing to hinder them from riding on that day without the sanction of the League. Let them give Sunday racing on their own responsibility, and if it proves a success it will then be time enough for the League to legislate on the subject.

If the settling of the Sunday-racing proposition by local option is a good plan, why not settle all matters in such a way? For instance, why not allow a division that so desires to draw out entirely from the jurisdiction of the Racing Board? Or allow each division the right of deciding whether race-meet promoters should be obliged to go to the Racing Board for sanctions? Or allow those divisions that desire it to have race-meets at which women are allowed to compete? Or allow negroes to join any division desiring them?

In fact, if the project of local option is carried out, of which Sunday racing is the opening wedge, there is no need of the national organization whatever; allow each State or division to run its own business without regard to the others, and you have the project of local option carried to a logical conclusion.

The figure-skating championships, like the speed championships, scored the most successful tournament on record hereabouts. In the figure-skating event unexampled success is not to be wondered at, since it was given under such auspices as it had not before enjoyed, and had, moreover, the immediate supervision of so experienced an executive as Mr. George D. Phillips. The contest occupied two evenings, and was held at the St. Nicholas Rink, on the centre of the ice, which was roped off and had been especially and carefully prepared for the purpose. Conditions equal to those at this rink have not before been provided, nor a championship in this country been decided on such good ice. Perhaps it is not out of place to commend the management and the attractions offered skaters and spectators at this rink. There has never been a rink in America to equal it in general equipment, nor is there any in Canada to be compared with it in this particular. Possibly the skating surfaces of the Montreal and Chicago rinks are a little larger, though I doubt if it is true of the former, but none approaches the St. Nicholas in comfort and attractiveness. It is a pleasure to record the stamp of approval New-Yorkers, by generous patronage, have put upon the St. Nicholas Rink.

More than usual interest attached to the figure-skating championships this year because of the prospective contest of international schools of style, for among the ten entries were representatives of the United States, Canadian, and European form. These ten included John Doughty, Paterson, New Jersey; Frank P. Good, Herbert D. Biessbarth, and Herman F. Biessbarth, of the Ice Palace Skating Club, New York; T. M. Vinson, Boston; L. A. Servatius, New York Club; I. Michalson, Montreal A.A.A.; Arthur J. Keane, New York; Lewis Edwards, St. Nicholas S. C., and George D. Phillips, New York A. C. and St. Nicholas S. C. The only prominent absentee was the '96 champion, Herbert S. Evans. Of these, Michalson is the Canadian champion, and next to the famous Louis Rubenstein, is considered the most expert performer the Dominion has yet developed. The Biessbarth brothers were the exponents of the European school, and Mr. Phillips and Mr. Keane represented figure-skating as taught in the American school. There were other representatives of the American school among the nine competitors that appeared on the first night (Wednesday, January 27) of the contest, but we must, in charity, conclude their several educations not yet completed, otherwise we shall be unable to account for the melancholia of expression and the unsteadiness of motion that characterized many of their efforts at figure-work.

From the very beginning it was perfectly apparent that the contest was to be between Phillips, Keane, and Michalson, and for all the others influenced the results they might as well spare the spectators. There is a certain kind of figure or fancy skating that I may, colloquially speaking, put under the general term of pirouetting,—on one or both feet,—which many skaters of average expertness and experience may essay in confidence and execute with acceptable skill. But when it comes to attempting a programme in which the movement in every figure has a precise and relative place in the accomplishment of the whole, something more than the ability to make a whirligig of one's self is needful to success or even to entertainment. It was evident on the two nights of the contest that the major portion of the competitors had interpreted figure to mean fancy skating. Several of them succeeded, indeed, in executing the prescribed figures, but with little regard for precision and form.

Apart from the three leaders the performances were uninteresting, but Phillips, Keane, and Michalson exhibited exceedingly clever work, and furnished excellent entertainment. The superiority of Phillips was apparent from the first; whether in the simpler movements of the first night's programme, or in the more intricate figures of the second night, his absolute control of himself, the certainty with which he entered upon a figure, and the grace and precision with which he executed it—were unmistakable to even the most unlearned spectator. Perhaps the most notable feature of his work was exactness in skating to place. And this is the crucial test of the figure performer.

Next to Phillips, Keane bore off the honors for accuracy of his work. Although he yet shows the want of confidence that comes only by long experience, he is the most promising of the aspirants. He competed for the first time last year, and was only two or three points behind Good, who was the champion of '87, and whom he defeated this year by seventy points!

Michalson was perhaps a trifle more graceful than Keane, and excelled in eights on one foot and in curved angles of different varieties, but he lacked the precision of the two Americans in almost every other particular. He has never met in competition that other Canadian expert, Louis Rubenstein, who has not entered a contest in this country since '91, when the score at the finish was 71 points each for him and Phillips, two medals being given and the championship honors divided between them. Rubenstein has never, I believe, been defeated.

A study of the following complete summary will tell the story of the 1897 championship competition graphically and completely:

Plain forward and backward skating in various ways.—Phillips, 9; Michalson, 8; Keane, 7; Doughty, 6; Edwards, 5; Good, 4; Servatius, 3; Vinson, 2; Biessbarth, 1.

Outside edge, roll forward.—Keane, 9; Phillips, 8; Servatius, 7; Doughty, 6; Good, 5; Michalson, 4; Vinson, 3; Edwards, 2; Biessbarth, 1.

Outside edge, roll backward.—Phillips, 9; Michalson, 8; Keane, 7; Servatius, 6; Good, 5; Edwards, 4; Doughty, 3; Biessbarth, 2; Vinson, 1.

Inside edge, roll forward.—Keane, 9; Phillips, 8; Michalson, 7; Doughty, 6; Good, 5; Servatius, 4; Vinson, 3; Biessbarth, 2; Edwards, 1.

Inside edge, roll backward.—Michalson, 9; Phillips, 9; Keane, 9; Good, 4; Biessbarth, 3; Doughty, 1; Vinson, 1; Servatius, 1; Edwards, 1.

Figure eight on one foot, forward.—Michalson, 9; Phillips, 8; Keane, 7; Vinson, 6; Biessbarth, 5; Good, 4; Doughty, 3; Servatius, 2; Edwards, 1.

Figure eight, on one foot, backward.—Michalson, 9; Phillips, 8; Keane, 7; Biessbarth, 6; Vinson, 5; Good, 4; Doughty, 3; Edwards, 2; Servatius, 1.

Cross roll, forward, in field and eights, single and double circle.—Michalson, 9; Phillips, 9; Keane, 7; Vinson, 6; Servatius, 5; Doughty, 4; Good, 3; Biessbarth, 2; Edwards, 1.

Cross roll, backward, in field and eights, single and double circle.—Keane, 8; Phillips, 7; Michalson, 6; Good, 5; Vinson, 4; Servatius, 3; Doughty, 2; Biessbarth, 1.

Change or edge, roll forward, beginning on either outside or inside edge.—Keane, 8; Phillips, 8; Michalson, 6; Biessbarth, 5; Servatius, 4; Vinson, 3; Doughty, 2; Good, 1.

Change of edge, roll backward, beginning on either outside or inside edge.—Phillips, 8; Michalson, 7; Keane, 7; Biessbarth, 5; Servatius, 4; Good, 3; Vinson, 2; Doughty, 1.

Spread-eagle on inside and outside edges.—Phillips, 8; Doughty, 7; Keane, 6; Vinson, 5; Servatius, 4; Michalson, 3; Good, 0; Biessbarth, 0.

Curved angles, threes, single, double, chain, and flying, beginning on inside or outside edge.—Michalson, 7; Keane, 6; Phillips, 6; Biessbarth, 4; Good, 3; Vinson, 3; Doughty, 3.

Curved angles, rocking turns from outside edge to outside edge, forward and backward.—Michalson, 7; Biessbarth, 6; Keane, 5; Phillips, 4; Vinson, 3; Good, 2; Doughty, 1.

Curved angles, crosscuts or anvils.—Michalson, 6; Keane, 5; Vinson, 5; Phillips, 3; Good, 2; Doughty, 1.

GRAPE-VINES AND TWISTS.

Grape-vines, including Philadelphia twist.—Keane, 4; Phillips, 3; Vinson, 1; Michalson, 1.

Toe and heel movements, embracing pivot circling, toe spins (pirouettes), and movements on both toes.—Phillips, 4; Keane, 4; Michalson, 2; Vinson, 1.

Single and double flat-foot spins, cross-foot and two-foot whirls.—Phillips, 4; Michalson, 3; Keane, 2.

Serpentines on one foot and both feet: change of edge, single and double.—Phillips, 4; Michalson, 3; Keane, 2; Vinson, 1.

Loops and ringlets on inside and outside edges, single and in combination.—Phillips, 3; Michalson 2; Keane, 1.

Specialties.—Michalson, 3; Phillips, 2; Keane, 1.

Total.—Phillips, 132; Keane, 120; Michalson, 119; Vinson, 56; Good, 50; Doughty, 49; Servatius, 44; Biessbarth, 43; Edwards, 17.

Thus George D. Phillips, through consistent rather than brilliant work, won the championship of the United States, which last year he lost to Evans, who defeated him by six points.

Since the establishment of the National Amateur Skating Association in 1886 the figure championship of the United States has been held by four men only—Louis Rubenstein, of Montreal; G. D. Phillips, of New York; Herbert S. Evans, of Boston; and Frank Good, of Brooklyn; and Evans and Good attained the honor once each. Phillips's career as a skater is long and brilliant. He began as a speed-skater, and in his boyhood days, in the early seventies, won about every race he entered. In 1877 the first amateur speed-skating championship was held, and Phillips won the ten and twenty-five mile races. In 1887 he won the 220-yard championship, his twelfth championship between 1877 and 1887, during which period he had established the majority of the world's records from 100 yards to twenty-five miles.

In 1886 he gave his attention to figure-skating, and finished second in the championship to Louis Rubenstein. He continued to finish second to the famous Canadian until 1891, when, after a six-hour contest, each had scored 71 points. Evans was also a competitor on this occasion. Rubenstein has not since competed. Phillips won the championship in '92, '93, and '95, no competition having been held in '94, and Evans winning in '96.

The final event on the speed-skating championship programme, carried over several days because of the snow-fall, was the ten-mile race. Apart from furnishing a most exciting struggle between Thomas and Reynolds, it served to emphasize the notable cleverness of the former, who had already the five-mile championship to his credit, besides having shown such pace in the quarter-mile, and captured the one-mile scratch and the two-mile handicap races on the first days of the tournament.

The course—one-fifth of a mile circuit—was on Silver Lake, Staten Island, but the snow had very seriously affected the smoothness of the track, which in places was so rough that several of the racers fell, Reynolds among the number. The starters were E. A. Thomas, Newburg; E. Reynolds, Chicago; Charles McClave, New York; Thomas Cooney, Cornwall; and S. M. Phillips, Stephen O'Brien, A. Y. Morgan, and W. F. Smith, of New York.

The interest of the race lay in the meeting of Thomas, Reynolds, and McClave, all of whom had shown in previous work both speed and endurance. Reynolds and Thomas alternated in the lead for the first three miles, with Cooney and Phillips and McClave close up; but on the fourth mile the last-named got a tumble which shook him so severely that he was unable to do himself justice for several miles. Morgan had tumbled on the second mile, which for a time put him also out of the reckoning. On the sixth mile Reynolds fell, but was up and going again so quickly as to have lost little. On the seventh mile—finished in 27 min. 16 sec.—the order was Cooney, Thomas, Reynolds. Thomas led in the eighth mile; and in the ninth, McClave, who had pluckily made up the half-lap he had lost by his fall, went to the front, closely followed by Thomas, Reynolds, and Cooney. Reynolds made a rush for the lead in the last mile, but Thomas responded to the spurt, and eventually won by about two feet, in 39 min. 10⅗ sec., with McClave ten yards back, beating Cooney a foot for third place. Considering his age and the handicap his tumble gave him, McClave's performance was perhaps the most creditable of any of the contestants'.

There was a live-pigeon shooting-match at the Larchmont Yacht Club traps, January 29 and 30, which had been advertised as the "amateur championship of the United States." Considering that the prizes, apart from the championship trophy, were certain percentages of the sweepstake made up from taxing each entry one hundred dollars, the average sportsman will be perplexed by the "amateur" description of the affair. It is no clearer to me than it is to him. If in pigeon-shooting men may compete for a purse and be called amateurs, it will be interesting to learn what conditions describe the professional.

This so-called amateur championship shoot was inaugurated in 1895, and won by J. P. Knapp, with a score of 95, George Work being second, with 90, and Louis Duryea third, with 89. The other competitors were Dr. W. Wynn, F. G. Moore, C. Fergueson, Jun., Captain Money, W. S. Edey, and E. C. Potter. In 1896 Edgar G. Murphy and Charles Macalester tied for first at 92, the former winning on the shoot-off, and J. P. Knapp getting third place, with 90, and Louis Duryea fourth, with 89. The other contestants were George Work, E. F. Thomas, W. A. H. Stafford, J. B. Ellison, W. G. Brokaw, W. S. Edey, H. B. Gilbert, Yale Dolan, F. G. Moore, and Fred Hoey.

This year the conditions were, 100 birds, 30 yards rise, and a boundary-line of 21 instead of 50 yards, permitted hitherto. This made the scoring much more difficult, and the results therefore more creditable to the leaders than in any previous contest. The entrance-fees were divided into four prizes—forty per cent., twenty-five per cent., fifteen per cent., and ten per cent., the club reserving ten per cent. of the stake to cover expenses. The scores, aside from that made by Welch, rather suggest poor shooting; but when the conditions of the very limited boundary of 21 yards are considered, the general work was very fair, although Murphy, Work, and Macalester were decidedly below their usual form.

Welch and Wynn drew perhaps the easiest birds on the first day, and Work, McAlpin, Moore, and Stafford the hardest; but on the second day Welch's birds were difficult ones, and his success was well earned by steady, at times brilliant, shooting throughout the competition.

The final scores were: R. S. Welch, winner of the championship, 92; G. S. McAlpin, 84; Dr. W. Wynn, 83; H. B. Gilbert, 82; Louis Duryea, 81; George Work, 76; T. S. Dando, 70 (withdrew after ninetieth round); F. G. Moore, 64 (withdrew in eighty-sixth round); E. G. Murphy, 45 (withdrew after sixtieth round).

The conditions of the match provided that:—

At the end of the fiftieth round shooters with ten misses are out if lower than eighth place; at the end of the sixtieth round shooters with twelve misses are out if lower than eighth place; at the end of the seventy-fifth round shooters with fifteen misses are out if lower than eighth place; thereafter the referee will retire shooters with a privilege, when advisable, to hurry to a finish.

This put out Macalester and Hoey at the end of the fiftieth round, though they had but 13 misses, and put Murphy out on the sixtieth round, with 15 misses. The others forced to withdraw at the end of the fiftieth round were C. M. Meyer, W. A. H. Stafford, and Alfred Marshall.

Comment on the New York State College League reserved for next week.

Caspar Whitney.

"ON SNOW-SHOES TO THE BARREN GROUNDS."—By Caspar Whitney.—Profusely Illustrated.—8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $3 50.

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For there are certain books that must be read, and these, of course, are represented; some should be read in parts, and these parts are there; others may be read if time, inclination, and abundant means all serve, and these are indicated; while those that should not be read simply find no place in the Library. Its pages are instructive and entertaining, and also pure, as well becomes a work not the least important purpose of which is to cultivate a wholesome literary taste in the young which throughout life will lead them in the direction of right reading and consequent right thinking.

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Surplus,	1,449,057	4,034,116	2,585,059
Income,	6,703,631	14,158,445	7,454,813
Insurance in force,	157,560,342	320,453,483	162,893,141
Interest Earnings,	290,348	825,801	535,452

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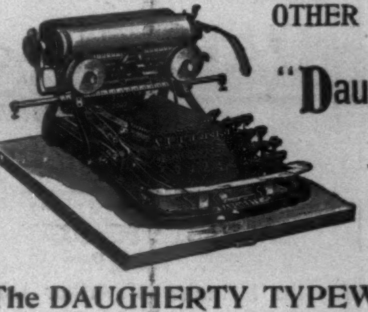

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